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SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

II.

HAMLET

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE

FIRST AND SECOND QUARTOS AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY

WILHELM VIETOR, PH. D.

Professor in the University of Marburg.



MARBURG

N. G. ELWERT'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG.

1891.

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P R E F A C E.

THE aim of the present volume is simply to place before the reader exact reprints of the two earliest Quartos and the first Folio text of *Hamlet* arranged in parallel columns for ready reference. Collations of other editions would, of course, also have been desirable, but as these would have inconveniently swelled the bulk of the volume, and are easily accessible in the *Cambridge Edition*, or in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*, they have been dispensed with.

The First Quarto (Q₁), of 1603, is here reprinted from the facsimile in photo-lithography by W. Griggs, reproduced from the Duke of Devonshire's copy, the last leaf, which is wanting in the Duke's copy, being supplied from that in the British Museum. Its title is as follows:

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Den-*
marke | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath bene diuerse
times acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of
London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and
Oxford, and else-where | [*Vignette.*] | At London printed for
N. L. and Iohn Trundell. | 1603.

Our reprint of the Second Quarto (Q₂), of 1604, is likewise made from Mr. Griggs's facsimile in photo-lithography of the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the original, with the following title-page:

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | *Prince of Den-*
marke. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and
enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to
the true and perfect | Coppie. | [*Vignette.*] | AT LONDON, |
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe
vnder Saint Dunstons Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604.

II

The First Folio text (of 1623) has been taken from the Reduced Facsimile Edition by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (London 1876). In correcting the proof-sheets, the reprint made by Lionel Booth (London 1864) has been collated throughout, and on all doubtful points the British Museum, copy C. 39. i. 12 of the original has been consulted, either by myself (for pp. 1—160), or by Dr. Wieck (for pp. 161—317).

In addition to the numbers of the pages in the original texts, those of the acts, scenes, and lines in the Globe Edition have been marked in the margin (left side).

A list of corrections and notes will be found at the end of the volume.

W. V.

H A M L E T.

The Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke (Q₁).

Globe
I. i.

Enter two Centinels.

1. S^Tand: who is that?
2. Tis I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make hafte.

1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

THE TRAGEDIAE OF
HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke (F₁).

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Globe
I. i.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

W^Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. *Barnardo?*

Bar. He.

The Tragedie of
H A M L E T

Prince of Denmarke (Q₂).

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. VVHose there?

Fran. Nay anfwere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King,

Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco,*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at hart.

10 *Bar.* Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*

The riuals of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

10 *Barn.* Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you goodd night.

I. i.

O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you?

1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.2. Say, is *Horatio* there?*Hor.* A peece of him.20 2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.*Mar.* What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,
 And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
 Touching this dreaded fight twice seene by vs,
 Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
 To watch the minutes of this night,
 That if againe this apparition come,
 He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

30 *Hor.* Tut, t'will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
 Affaile your eares that are so fortified,
 What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake
 of this.

2. Laft night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
 ward from the pole, had made his coarfe to
 illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
 The bell then towling one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?*Fra.* *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.*Exit Fran.**Mar.* Holla *Barnardo*.*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?*Hor.* A peece of him.20 *Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.*Mar.* What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
 And will not let beleefe take hold of him
 Touching this dreaded fight, twice seene of vs,
 Therefore I haue intreated him along
 With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,

i. *Mar.* O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

[3

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

20 *Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded fight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparifion come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

30 *Hora.* Tufh, tufh, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

0 *Hor.* Tufh, tufh, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe affaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

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l. i.

*Enter Ghost.*40 *Mar.* Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.*Hor.* What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.50 *Mar.* It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
speake.*Mar.* Tis gone and makes no answer.2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?

What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not his beleue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.*Mar.* Is it not like the King? [4*Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe,60 Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).40 *Mar.* Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*
Looke where it comes againe.*Barn.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.*Barn.* Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.*Hora.* Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder*Barn.* It would be spoke too.*Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.*Hor.* What art thou that vsurp't this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.50 *Mar.* It is offended.

I. i.

Enter Ghost.

40 *Mar.* Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurpft this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

50 *Mar.* It is offended.

Bar. See it ftakes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.* [4

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.

60 Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Barn. See, it ftalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

60 Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitions *Norway* combatted:

H. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

70 *Mar.* Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this fame strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

80 *Hor.* Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes fo,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brafte of *Norway*,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did flay this Fortenbraffe,
Who by a feale compact well ratified, by law

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

70 *Mar.* Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this fame strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:

I. i.

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

70 *Mar.* Good now fit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly coft of brazon Cannon
And forraine warte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

80 At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did flay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a feald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haft
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

30 At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did flay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,

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I. i.

And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
 His lands which he stode feazed of by the conqueror,
 90 Against the which a moity competent,
 Was gaged by our King:

Now fir, yong Fortenbraffe,
 Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here und there, [5
 Sharkt vp a fight of lawlesse Refolutes
 For food and diet to some enterprife,
 100 That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
 Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
 Which he stood feiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
 90 Against the which, a Moity competent
 Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
 To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
 And carriage of the Article designe,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now fir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, heere and there,

I. i.

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood feaz'd of, to the conquerour. [5
90 Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desseigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a lift of laweleffe resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprize
100 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulfatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post haft and Romadge in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
Well may it fort that this portentous figure
110 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.
Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the funne; and the moift starre,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Sharkt'd vp a Lift of Landleffe Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
100 That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
'And termes Compulfatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-haft, and Romage in the Land.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile croffe it, though it blaft me: stay illufion,

130 If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe eafe to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O fpeake to me,

Or if thou haft extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treafure in the wombe of earth,
For which they fay you Spirites oft walke in death, fpeake
to me, stay and fpeake, fpeake, ftoppe it *Marcellus*.

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being fo maiefti-
call, to offer it the fhew of violence,
For it is as the ayre inueltorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).**Enter Ghost againe.*

But foft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croffe it, though it blaft me. Stay Illufion:
If thou haft any found, or vfe of Voyce,
130 Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eafe, and grace to me; fpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh fpeake.
Or, if thou haft vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treafure in the wombe of Earth,

I. i.

Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
 120 Was sicke almost to doomefday with eclipse.
 And euen the like precurse of feare euent
 As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 Vnto our Climates and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Ile croffe it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
 If thou hast any found or vse of voyce,

[6
*It spreads
 his armes.*

130 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me.

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 O speake:

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
 Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
 crows.*

140 *Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiefticall
 To offer it the shoue of violence,
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
 Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

140 *Mar.* Shall I strike at ir with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Maiefticall
 To offer it the shew of Violence,
 For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

I. i.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearefull fummons: I haue heard
 150 The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
 Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
 Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
 Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
 The strauagant and erring spirite hies
 To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
 This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
 Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
 Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated,
 160 The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad,
 The nights are wholefome, then no planet frikes,
 No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
 So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

[6

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:
 But see the Sunne in ruffet mantle clad,
 Walkes ore the dew of yon hie mountaine top,
 Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
 Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
 170 Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
 This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
 Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
 As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Barn.* It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
 Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
 150 The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
 Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
 Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
 Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hies
 To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
 This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
 Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
 Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,

I. i.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,

Vpon a fearefull fummons; I haue heard,

150 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill founding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.

Some say that euer gainst that season comes

Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated

160 This bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

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Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,

But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad

Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill

Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise

Let vs impart what we haue seene to night

170 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life

This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:

Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it

As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

160 The Bird of Dawning fingeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

[153b

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.

But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,

Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,

Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice

Let vs impart what we haue seene to night

170 Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,

This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

16 *The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke (Q₁).*

1. i. *Marc.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we fhall finde him moft conueniently.

1. ii. *Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
and the two Ambaffadors, with Attendants.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we fhall finde him moft conueniently.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

II. ii. *Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet fo farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wifeftorrow thinke on him,

I. i.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

ii. *Florish.* Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertradt he Queene*,
Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet, Cum *Alijs*.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
10 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wifdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposal of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
20 Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall ioyntresse of this warlike State,
10 Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wifedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thanks.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
20 Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,

King. Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
 Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
 30 And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
 Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
 For beareis of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
 To bufineffe with the King,
 Then those related articles do shew:
 Farewell, and let your hafte commend your dutie.
 40 *Gent.* In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.
King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
 And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?
 You said you had a sute what i'ft *Leartes*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
 He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,
 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
 To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the bufineffe is. We haue heere writ
 To *Norway*, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
 30 Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
 His further gate heerein. In that the Leuiens,
 The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch

I. ii.

Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pestur vs with meffage
Importing the surrender of those lands
Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
30 Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppressse
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

[8

40 *Cor. Vo.* In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of some fute, what ist *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce; what wold'ft thou begge *Laertes*?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haft commend your duty.

0 *Volt.* In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some fuite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'ft thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?

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50 *Lea*: My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence,
 Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
 I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*, [7
 For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
 Yet something is there whifpers in my hart,
 Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.

King: Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And I befeech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*
 What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
 For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
 Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
 Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
 Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
 All *Denmarkes* hope our coofin and dearest Sonne.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.

50 What would'ft thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
 What sayes *Pollonius*?

- I. ii.
 The head is not more natieue to the hart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
 50 What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?
- Laer.* My dread Lord,
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
 To shoue my dutie in your Coronation;
 Yet now I muft confesse, that duty done
 My thoughts and wifhes bend againe toward Fraunce
 And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
- King.* Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?
- Polo.* Hath my Lord wrong from me my flowe leaue
 By labourfome petition, and at last
 60 Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,
 I doe befeech you giue him leaue to goe. [9
- King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.
- Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.
- King.* How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.
- Ham.* Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.
- Queene.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
 And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
 70 Doe not for euer with thy veiled lids
 Seeke for thy noble Father in the duft,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Pol.* He hath my Lord:
 I do befeech you giue him leaue to go.
- King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
- Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
- King.* How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
- Ham.* Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.
- Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a Friend on Denmarke.
 70 Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duft;

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable fute I weare:
80 No nor the teares that ftill ftand in my eyes,

Nor the diftracted hauiour in the vifage,
Nor all together mixt with outward femblance,
Is equall to the forrow of my heart,
Him haue I loft I muft of force forgoe,

Thefe but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King This fhewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,

But you muft thinke your father loft a father,
90 That father dead, loft his, and fo fhallbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Thou know'ft 'tis common, all that liues muft dye,
Paffing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;

Why feemes it fo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary fuites of folemne Blacke,
Nor windy fufpiration of forc'd breath,
80 No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deieted hauiour of the Vifage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, fhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Thefe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:

I. ii.

Thou know'ft tis common all that liues muft die,
Pafing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be

VVhy feemes it fo perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not feemes,

Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother

Nor customary fuites of folembelacke

Nor windie fufpiration of forft breath

80 No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,

Nor the deiected hauior of the vilage

Together with all formes, moods, chapes of griefe

That can deuote me truly, thefe indeede feeme,

For they are actions that a man might play

But I haue that within which paffes shoue

Thefe but the trappings and the fuites of woe.

King. Tis fweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet,*

To giue thefe mourning duties to your father

But you muft knowe your father loft a father,

90 That father loft, loft his, and the furiuer bound

In filliall obligation for fome tearme

To doe obfequious forrowe, but to perfeuer

In obftinate condolement, is a courfe

Of impious ftubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,

It shoues a will moft incorrect to heauen

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient

An vnderftanding fimple and vnchoold

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But I haue that Within, which paffeth show;

Thefe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis fweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet,*

To giue thefe mourning duties to your Father:

But you muft know, your Father loft a Father,

90 That Father loft, loft his, and the Suruiuer bound

In filiall Obligation, for fome terme

To do obfequious Sorrow. But to perfeuer

In obftinate Condolement, is a courfe

Of impious ftubbornesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,

It shewes a will moft incorrect to Heauen,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderftanding fimple, and vnchool'd:

I. ii.

It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
 A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
 Common course most certaine,
 None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
 Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

120 *Ham.* I fhall in all my best obey you madam.

King Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
 100 Why should we in our peeuisht Opposition
 Take it to heart? Eye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 110 And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
 Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne,

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l. ii.

For what we knowe must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
100 Why should we in our peuishe opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
110 And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*.
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cofin, und our sonne.

[10

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

120 *Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

120 *Ham.* I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

I. ii.

And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
 But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
 The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

[8

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and fallied flesh
 Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuerfall
 Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
 O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
 Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
 My fathers brother: but no more like
 My father, then I to *Hercules*.
 Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
 Vnrightheous teares had left their flushing
 150 In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
 Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
 Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
 Why she would hang on him, as if increase
 Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
 O wicked wicked speede, to make such
 Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
 Ere yet the shooes were olde,
 The which she followed my dead fathers corse
 Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
 Nor it cannot come to good:
 But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flefh, would melt,
 130 Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-flaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, ftale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 Fie on't? O fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meerey. That it should come to this:

l. ii.

No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florish.* *Exeunt all,*
Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*

- 130 Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus.
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two, [11
So excellent a King, that was to this
- 140 *Hiperion* to a satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
- 150 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
- 140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
- 150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

160 *Hor.* Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (*Horatio*) or I much forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euen firs: But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure*?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord. [9

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster
Of your owne report against your selfe:
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

160 *Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

I. ii.

My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the falt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to poft
With fuch dexteritie to inceftious fheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I muft hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

160 *Hora.* Haile to your Lordfhip.

Ham. I am glad to fee you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my felfe.

Hora. The fame my Lord, and your poore feruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to fee you, (good euen fir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant difpofition good my Lord.

170 *Ham.* I would not heare your enimie fay fo,
Nor fhall you doe my eare that violence
To make it trufter of your owne report
Againft your felfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

Marcellus.

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Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to fee you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?

Hor. A truant difpofition, good my Lord.

170 *Ham.* I would not haue your Enemy fay fo;
Nor fhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it trufter of your owne report
Againft your felfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elfenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

I. ii.

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.*Ham.* O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.*Hor.* Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.180 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnishe forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deereft foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Where my Lord?*Ham.* Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio*.*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a gallant King.*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.*Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,190 *Ham.* Saw, who?*Hor.* My Lord, the King your father.*Ham.* Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.*Hor.* Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentiu eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.*Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare it.*Hor.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Hor.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.*Ham.* I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.*Hor.* Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.180 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnishe forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareft foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?*Ham.* In my minds eye (*Horatio*)*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly King.*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look vpon his like againe.

I. ii.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

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Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora Indeede my Lord it followed hard vpon.

180 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

190 *Ham.* saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnes of these gentlemen

This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen

Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

190 *Ham.* Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch

In the dead waft and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

I. ii.

200 Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*
 Appeeres before them thrife, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppreffed eies.

Within his tronchions length,

While they diftilled almoft to gelly.

With the act of feare ftands dumbe,

And fpeake not to him: this to mee

In dreadfull fecrefie impart they did.

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

210 Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.

Each part made true and good,

The Apparation comes: In knew your father,

Thefe handes are not more like.

[10

220 *Ham.* Tis very ftrange.

Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
 And wee did thinke it right done,
 In our dutie to let you know it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

200 Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
 Appeares before them, and with follemne march
 Goes flow and ftately: By them thrice he walkt,
 By their opprest and feare-furprized eyes,
 Within his Truncheons length; whilst they beftil'd
 Almoft to Ielly with the Act of feare,
 Stand dumbe and fpeake not to him. This to me
 In dreadfull fecrecie impart they did,
 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
 Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
 210 Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
 Thefe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

I. ii.

200 Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes flowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'tt they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
210 Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparifion comes: I knewe your father,
These hands are not more like.

[13

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the found it shrunk in haft away
220 And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the found it shrunke in haft away,
220 And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

I. ii.

Ham. Where was this?*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
 Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
 And lifted vp his head to motion,
 Like as he would speake, but euen then
 The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte,
 It thruncke in hafte away, and vanished
 Our fight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed firs, but this troubles me:
 Hold you the watch to night?

All We do my Lord.*Ham.* Armed fay ye?*All* Armed my good Lord.*Ham.* From top to toe?*All.* My good Lord, from head to foote.*Ham.* Why then saw you not his face?230 *Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.*Ham.* How look't he, frowningly?*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.*Ham.* Pale, or red?*Hor.* Nay, verie pal*Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you.

[11

Hor. Most constantly.*Ham.* I would I had beene there.*Hor.* It would a much amazed you.*Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate pace
 Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer.*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to Night?

[155^b*Both.* We doe my Lord.*Ham.* Arm'd, fay you?*Both.* Arm'd, my Lord.*Ham.* From top to toe?*Both.* My Lord, from head to foote.*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?230 *Hor.* O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.*Ham.* What, lookt he frowningly?

I. ii.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd fay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

230 *Hora.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haft might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

240 *Hora.* Not when I saw't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: stayd it long? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate haft might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer.

I. ii.

240

Ham. His beard was grifield, no.*Hor.* It was as I haue seene it in his life,

A fable filuer.

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.*Hor.* I warrant it will.*Ham.* If it affume my noble fathers person,

Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,

And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,

If you haue hither concealed this fight,

Let it be tenible in your silence still,

And whatfoeuer else shall chance to night,

250 Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,

I will requit your loues, so fare you well,

Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.**Ham.* O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,

Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,

Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,

Would the night were come,

Till then, sit still my foule, foule deeds will rise

Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

I. iii.

*Enter Leartes and Ofelia.**Leart.* My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard.

But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

240

Hor. Not when I saw't.*Ham.* His Beard was grifly? no.*Hor.* It was, as I haue seene it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.)

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-*Hor.* I warrant you it will.*Ham.* If it affume my noble Fathers person,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you haue hitherto conceald this fight;

Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatfoeuer els shall hap to night,

250 Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:

i. ii.

Ham. His beard was grifsl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue scene it in his life
A fable filuer'd.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

[14

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it affume my noble fathers perfon,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

Exit.

. iii.

Enter Laertes, and Opheliahis Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sifter, as the winds giue benefit

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

. iii.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sifter, as the Winds giue Benefit,

I. iii.

I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
 Beware *Ophelia*, do not trust his vowes,
 Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
 Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sifter,

[12

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
 But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
 A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
 Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
 10 The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.
 For nature creffant does not grow alone,
 In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes.
 The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule

iii.

And conuay, in afsiftant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute

10 No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnalewed perfons doe,

[15

20 Carue for himfelfe, for on his choife depends
The fafty and health of this whole ftate,
And therefore must his choife be circumferibd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
It fits your wifdome fo farre to belieue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his faying deede, which is no further

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth befmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
His greatneffe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himfelfe is fubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued perfons doe,

[156^a

20 Carue for himfelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The fanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumferib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he faves he loues you,
It fits your wifedome fo farre to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his faying deed: which is no further,

The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
 If ſhe vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
 Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious thoughts,
 Belieu't *Ophelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
 Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Ofel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu eare,
 And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
 But my deere brother, do not you
 Like to a cunning Sophiſter,
 Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
 While you forgetting what is ſaid to me,
 Your ſelfe, like to a careleſſe libertine
 Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
 And little reckes how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere *Ophelia*,
 Here comes my father, occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
 Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
 30 If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
 Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treafure open
 To his vnmaſtred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
 And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
 Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
 The charieft Maid is Prodigall enough,
 If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 40 Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,

iii. Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
30 If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loofe your hart, or your chafte treasure open
To his vnmaftred importunity.

Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare fifter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the fhott and danger of defire,
“The charieft maide is prodigall inough
If fhe vnmaske her butie to the Moone
“Vertue it felfe fcapes not calumnious ftrokes
“The canker gaules the infants of the fpring
40 Too oft before their buttons be difclof’d,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blaftments are moft imminent,
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare,
Youth to it felfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I fhall the effect of this good leffon keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as fome vngracious pafors doe,
Showe me the ftepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine
50 Himfelfe the primrofe path of daliance treads.
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I ftay too long, but heere my father comes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Contagious blaftments are moft imminent.
Be wary then, beft safety lies in feare;
Youth to it felfe rebels, though none elfe neere.

Ophe. I fhall th’effect of this good Leffon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as fome vngracious Pafors doe,
Shew me the fteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilft like a puff and reckleffe Libertine
50 Himfelfe, the Primrofe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ftay too long; but here my Father comes:

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes?* aboard, aboard, for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

“Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
“Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
“Grapple them to thee with a hoope of Steele,
“But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
“Of euery new vnflieg’d courage,
“Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
“Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

70 “Coftly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
“But not exprest in fashion,
“For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

“This aboute all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes?* Aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
60 Nor any vnproportion’d thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnatch’t, vnflieg’d Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in

I. iii.

A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord a bord for shame,
The wind fits in the shoulder of your faile, [16
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnpledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but referue thy iudgement,
70 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but referue thy iudgement;
70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,

I. iii.

80 Thou canst not then be false to any one, [13
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe fhall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i't *Ofelia* he hath faide to you?

Ofel. Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet*.

90 *Cor.* Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden prefence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

100 *Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

Ofel. And withall, such earnest voves.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee. [156b

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe fhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polon. What ift *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L. *Hamlet*.

90 *Polon.* Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late

I. iii.

80 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

90 *Pol.* Marry well bethought

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,

[17

And that in way of caution, I must tell you,

You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely

As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,

What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders

100 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle

Vnlisted in such perrilous circumstance,

Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe

Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so tis put on me;

And that in way of caution: I must tell you,

You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,

As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.

What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders

100 Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,

Vnlisted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
 What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
 How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
 In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden prefence,
 Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.

Ofel. I fhall obay my lord in all I may.

Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
 "For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
 "Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
 To vnlocke Chaftitie vnto Defire:
 Come in *Ofelia*, fuch men often proue,
 "Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not ftarling. Tender your felfe more dearly;
 Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrafe,
 Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

110 *Ophe.* My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
 In honourable fafhion.

Polon. I, fafhion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his fpeech,
 My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
 When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
 Giues the tongue vowes: thefe blazes, Daughter,
 Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,

- I. iii.
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.
- 110 *Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashon.
Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
- 120 You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scante of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shoue
But meere imploratots of vnholly suites
- 130 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Euen in their promise, as it is a making ;
- 120 You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scante of your Maiden presence ;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a commaund to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In fewe, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments shou:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
- 130 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,

I. iii.

I. iv. *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

Ham. The ayre bites fhrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'ft?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*

Mar. No, t'is ftrucke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [14

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowfe,
Keepe waffel, and the fwaggering vp-fpring reeles,
10 And as he dreames, his draughts of renifh downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuftome here?

Ham. I mary i'ft and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a cuftome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obferuance.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Haue you fo flander any moment leifure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I fhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

I. iv. *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.*

Ham. The Ayre bites fhrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is ftrooke. (*feafon,*

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the

I. iii.

Haue you fo flaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes. [18

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

I. iv.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites fhroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

Mar. No, it is ftrooke.

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the feason,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowfe.

Keepes waffell and the fwaggring vp-fpring reeles:

10 And as he drains his drafts of Rennifh downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift,

But to my minde, though I am natie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.

This heauy headed reueale east and west

Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,

They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinifh phrafe

20 Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes

From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height

The pith and marrow of our attribute,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (roufe, [257^a

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waffels and the fwaggring vpspring reeles,

10 And as he dreines his draughts of Renifh downe,

The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift;

And to my mind, though I am natie heere,

And to the manner borne: It is a Custome

More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
 40 Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blafts from hell:
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such questionable shape,
 That I will speake to thee,
 Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
 O answere mee, let mee not burft in ignorance,
 But say why thy canonizd bones hearded in death
 Haue burft their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
 In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
 50 Hath burft his ponderous and marble lawes,
 To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
 That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).**Enter Ghost.*

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
 40 Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blafts from Hell,
 Be thy euent wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'ft in such a questionable shape
 That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

I. iv.

So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choofe his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
30 The forme of plaufiue manners, that these men
Carrying I fay the ftamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ftarre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenfure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble fubftance of a doubt
To his owne fcandle.

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Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs:

40 Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô anfwere mee,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearded in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd
50 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe. what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearded in death,
Haue burſt their cerments; why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
50 Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,

I. iv.

Reuiffets thus the glimpses of the Moone,
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
 So horridely to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
 Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
 60 To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
 It waues you to a more remoued ground,
 But do not go with it.

[15

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
 And there affume some other horrible shape,
 Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,
 And driue you into madneffe: thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

80 *Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Reuifits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
 Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghoſt beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 60 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
 It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
 But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

I. iv.

Reuifites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to fhake our difpofition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our foules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what fhould we doe?

Beckins.

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it fome impartment did defire

60 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not fpeake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what fhould be the feare,
I doe not fet my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my foule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it felfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

|||

[20

70 *Hora.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my,
Or to the dreadfull fomnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his bafe into the fea,
And there affume fome other horrable forme
Which might deprive your foueraigntie of reafon,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. It will not fpeake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what fhould be the feare?

I doe not fet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it felfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

70 *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his bafe into the Sea,
And there affumes fome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reafon,
And draw you into madneffe thinke of it?

I. iv.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my foule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each petty Artieue

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

exit.

I. v.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?

Ghost Marke me.

Ham. I will.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

80 *Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

- I. iv.
 That lookes fo many fadoms to the fea
 And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ffill,
 Goe on, Ile followe thee.
- 80 *Mar.* You fhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you fhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
 And makes each petty arture in this body
 As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
 Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen.
 By heauen Ile make a ghoft of him that lets me,
 I fay away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghoft and Hamlet.*
Hora. He waxes defperate with imagion.
Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iffue will this come?
- 90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the ftate of Denmarke,
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*
- I. v. *Enter Ghoft, and Hamlet.*
Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, fpeake, Ile goe no further.
Ghoft. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoft. My houre is almoft come
 When I to fulphrus and tormenting flames
 Muft render vp my felfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Hor.* Haue after, to what iffue will this come? [257^b
 90 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
- I. v. *Enter Ghoft and Hamlet.* (ther.
Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? fpeak; Ile go no fur-
Gho. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almoft come,
 When I to fulphurus and tormenting Flames
 Muft render vp my felfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoft.

I. v.

10 *Ghoſt* I am thy fathers ſpirit, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in may dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt Nay pittie me not, but to my vnſolding
Lend thy liſtning care, but that I am forbid [16
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe
I would a tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand on end
20 Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine;
But this fame blazon muſt not be, to cares of fleſh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didſt thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murder:

Ham. Murder.

Ghoſt Yea, murder in the higheſt degree,
As in the leaſt tis bad,
But mine moſt foule, beaſtly, and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Gho. Pittie me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
10 Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
'Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word

I. v.

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy ferious hearing [21
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt hear

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

10 Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prifon house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to stand an end,
10 Like quilts vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, lift, lift, ô lift:
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
20 Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; lift *Hamlet*, oh lift,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

I. v.

30 *Ham.* Hafte me to knowe it, that with wings as fwift as meditation, or the thought of it, may fweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoft O I finde thee apt, and duller fhouldft thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it felfe in cafe
On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that fleeping in my orchard,

A Serpent ftung me; fo the whole care of *Denmarke*
Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abusde:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did ftung
40 Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike foule, my vncke! my vncke!

Ghoft Yea he, that inceftuous wretch, wonne to his will
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
So to feduce my moft feeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdneffe court it in a fhape of heauen,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Haft, haft me to know it,
That with wings as fwift
30 As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May fweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghoft. I finde thee apt,
And duller fhould'ft thou be then the fat weede
That rots it felfe in cafe, on *Lethe* Wharfe,
Would'ft thou not ftirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that fleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ftung me: fo the whole care of *Denmarke*,
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ftung thy Fathers life,
40 Now weares his Crowne.

I. v.

Ham. Haft me to know't, that I with wings as swift
30 As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller should'ft thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'ft thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
40 Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
50 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
50 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:

I. v.

So Luft, though to a radiant angle linckt,
 Would fate it selfe from a celestially bedde,
 And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
 I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,

- 60 Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
 In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
 Thy vnckle came, with iuyce of Hebena
 In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
 Did powre the leaproous distilment, whose effect
 Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
 That swift as quickefilner, it posteth through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 70 And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
 Like eager dropings into milke.

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And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
 Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
 At once deprived, no reckoning made of,
 But sent vnto my graue,
 With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,

- 80 O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
 But howsoeuer, let not thy heart

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- So Luft, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 Will fate it selfe in a Celestiallbed, & prey on Garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
 Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 60 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 Vpon my secure hower thy Vnckle stole
 With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
 That swift as Quick-filuer, it courfes through
 The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth poffet

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l. v.

So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will fort it selfe in a celestially bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
60 My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of curfed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
70 The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barekt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome cruft
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatch,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanued,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
80 O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
70 The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruft,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatch;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
80 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;

I. v.

Confpire againft thy mother aught,
 Leaue her to heauen,
 And to the burthen that her confcience beares.
 I muft be gone, the Glo-worme fhewes the Martin
 90 To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
 Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*

Ham. O all you hofte of heauen! O earth, what elfe?
 And fhall I couple hell; remember thee?
 Yes thou poore Ghoft; from the tables
 100 Of my memorie, ile wipe away all fawes of Bookes,
 All triuiall fond conceites
 That euer youth, or elfe obferuance noted,
 And thy remembrance, all alone fhall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitiuous villaine,
 Murderons, bawdy, fmiling damned villaine,
 (My tables) meet it is I fet it downe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceft.
 But howfoeuer thou purfueft this Act,
 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
 Againft thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
 And to thofe Thornes that in her bofome lodge,
 To pricke and ftिंग her. Fare thee well at once;
 The Glow-worme fhowes the Matine to be neere,
 90 And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
 Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*
Ham. Oh all you hofte of Heauen! Oh Earth: what els?
 And fhall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
 And you my finnewes, grow not infant Old;

I. v. Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howfomeuer thou purfues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy foule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thofe thornes that in her bofome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme fhewes the matine to be neere
90 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoft of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And fhall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghofte whiles memory holds a feate
In this diftracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
He wipe away all triuiall fond records,
100 All lawes of bookes, all formes, all preffures pafte
That youth and obferuation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone fhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with bafer matter, yes by heauen,
O moft pernicious woman.

O villaine, villaine, fmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I fet it downe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But beare me ftiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghofte, while memory holds a feate
In this diftracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
He wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
100 All lawes of Bookes, all formes, all preffures pafte,
That youth and obferuation coppied there;
And thy Conmandment all alone fhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with bafer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moft pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, fmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I fet it downe,

I. v.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*.

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110 So vncle, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

Enter. Horatio,

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

and Marcellus.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Ham. Ill, lo, lo, fo, ho, fo, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.

120 *Hor.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.

Both. I by heauen, my lord.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue

Hor. There need no Ghoft come from the graue to tell
you this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmarke*;

110 So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

Hor & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How i'ft't my Noble Lord?

I. v.

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.

110 So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

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Hora. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

120 *Hora.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reueale it.

120 *Hor.* Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

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Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?)

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

I. v.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your bufines
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,
130 Euery man hath bufines, and defires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am fory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this vifion,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
140 Oremafter it as you may:
And now kind frends, as you are frends,
Schollers and gentlmen.

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Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What i'ft my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but sweare.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your bufines and desires shall point you:
130 For euery man ha's bufinesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vifion heere:

I. v.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your bufines and defire fhall poynt you,
130 For euery man hath bufines and defire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. Thefe are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vifion heere,
It is an honeft Ghoft that let me tell you,
For your defire to knowe what is betweene vs
140 Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and fouldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ft my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowe what you haue feene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but fwear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my fword.

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Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

It is an honeft Ghoft, that let me tell you:
For your defire to know what is betweene vs,
140 O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue feen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but fwear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vppon my fword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.

I. v.

Gho. Sweare.*The Ghost vnder the stage.*

150 *Ham.* Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the fellerige,
Here consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & vbique*, nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
160 Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

Ghost Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shall
170 How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

*The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).**Ham.* Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.*Gho.* Sweare. *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

150 *Ham.* Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & vbique*? Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

- I. v.
- Ham.* Indeede vppon my fword, indeed.
Ghost cries vnder the Stage.
- Ghoft.* Sweare.
- 150 *Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, fay'ft thou fo, art thou there trupenny?
 Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
 Confent to fweare.
Hora. Propofe the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to fpeake of this that you haue feene
 Sweare by my fword.
Ghoft. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic, & vbique,* then weele fhift our ground:
 Come hether Gentlemen
 And lay your hands againe vpon my fword,
 160 Sweare by my fword
 Neuer to fpeake of this that you haue heard.
Ghoft. Sweare by his fword.
Ham. Well fayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth fo faft,
 A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ftrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ftranger giue it welcome,
 There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
 Then are dream't of in your philofophie, but come
 Heere as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,
 170 (How ftrange or odde fo mere I beare my felfe,
 As I perchance heereafter fhall thinke meet,
 To put an Anticke difpofition on
 That you at fuch times feeing me, neuer fhall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F1).

- Neuer to fpeake of this that you haue heard:
 160 Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare. (faft?)
Ham. Well laid old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground fo
 A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous ftrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ftranger giue it welcome.
 There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
 Then are dream't of in our Philofophy But come,
 Here as before, neuer fo helpe you mercy,
 170 How ftrange or odde fo ere I beare my felfe;
 (As I perchance heereafter fhall thinke meet
 To put an Anticke difpofition on:)
 That you at fuch time feeing me, neuer fhall

I. v.

With Armes incombred thus, or this head fhake,
 Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrafe,
 As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would.
 Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
 Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,

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180 This not to doe, fo grace, and mercie
 At your moft need helpe you, sweare

Ghoft. sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: fo gentlemen,
 In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
 And what fo poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
 To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
 Nay come lett's go together,

But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt, O curfed spite,

190 That euer I was borne to set it right,

Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.*

II. i.

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Cor. *Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne,
 And this same mony with my blessing to him,
 And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,
 I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
 To inquire the manner of his life,
 As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head fhake;
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrafe;
 As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
 Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
 Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,
 That you know ought of me; this not to doe:

180 So grace and mercy at your moft neede helpe you:
 Sweare.

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Ghoft. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: fo Gentlemen,
 With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
 • And what fo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,
 God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,

I. v.
 With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
 As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
 Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
 Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
 That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
 180 So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.
Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
 Withall my loue I doe commend me to you
 And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
 God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt, ô curfed spight
 190 That euer I was borne to set it right.
 Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

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II. i. *Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*
Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo.*

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo,*
 Before you visite him, to make inquire
 Of his behaiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend.it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt: Oh curfed spight,
 190 That euer I was borne to set it right.
 Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

II. i. *Actus Secundus.*

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo.*

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo,*
 Before you visite him you make inquiry
 Of his behaiour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

II. i.

You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
 At game, or drincking, fwearing, or drabbing,
 You may go so farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
 Now happely hee clofeth with you in the consequence,
 As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. Marry, well said;
 Very well said. Looke you Sir,
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
 10 What company, at what expence: and finding
 By this encompassement and drift of question,
 That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
 Then your particular demands will touch it,
 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 And thus I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.
Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
 But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;

11. i.

Pol. Mary well faid, very well faid; looke you fir,
Enquire me firft what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
10 What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompafment, and drift of queftion
That they doe know my fonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were fome diftant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may fay, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted fo and fo, and there put on him
20 What forgeries you please, marry none fo ranck
As may difhonour him, take heede of that,
But fir, fuch wanton, wild, and vsuall flips,
As are companions noted and moft knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, fwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe fo far.

Rey. My Lord, that would difhonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may feafon it in the charge.
You muft not put another scandell on him,
30 That he is open to incontinencie,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Addicted fo and fo; and there put on him
20 What forgeries you please: marry, none fo ranke,
As may difhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, fuch wanton, wild, and vsuall flips,
As are Companions noted and moft knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, fwearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe fo farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would difhonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may feafon it in the charge;
You muft not put another scandall on him,
30 That hee is open to Incontinencie;

50 What was I a bout to fay.

Mon. He clofeth with him in the confequence

Cor. I, you fay right, he clofeth with him thus,
This will hee fay, let mee fee what hee will fay,
Mary this, I faw him yefterday, or tother day,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That's not my meaning: but breath his faults fo quaintly,
That they may feeme the taints of liberty;
The flafh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A fauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall affault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore fhould you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,

And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying thefe flight fulleyes on my Sonne,

40 As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working: (found,
Marke you your party in conuerfe; him you would
Hauing euer feene. In the prenominate crimes,

- II. i.
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.
Rey. But my good Lord.
Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?
Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight fallies on my sonne
40 As t'were a thing a little soyld with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good my Lord.
50 *Pol.* And then sir does a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?
Rey. At closes in the consequence.
Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd [259b
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
50 *Polon.* And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing: where did I leaue?
Reynol. At closes in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;

II. i.

Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

60 Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howfe of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,

And so fhall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.

Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his musicke

Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*

Enter, Ofelia.

Cor. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

Ofe. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

Of. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
60 I saw him enter such a house of faile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of fallhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windleffes, and with affaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.

- II. i.
Or then, or then, with fuch or fuch, and as you fay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowle,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
60 I faw him enter fuch a houfe of fale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or fo foorth, fee you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wifedome, and of reach,
With windleffes, and with affaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduife
Shall you my fonne; you haue me, haue you not? [28
 Rey. My Lord, I haue.
 Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.
70 *Rey.* Good my Lord.
 Pol. Obserue his inclination in your felfe.
 Rey. I fhall my Lord.
 Pol. And let him ply his mufique.
 Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*
 Enter Ophelia.
 Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
 Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene fo affrighted,
 Pol. With what i'th name of God?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Polon.* God buy you; fare you well.
70 *Reynol.* Good my Lord.
 Polon. Obserue his inclination in your felfe.
 Reynol. I fhall my Lord.
 Polon. And let him plye his Muficke.
 Reynol. Well, m^y Lord. *Exit.*
 Enter Ophelia.
 Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
 Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene fo affrighted.
 Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

II. i.

Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
 Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
 There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke,
 80 His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
 And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
 As if they had vow'd, this is their latestt object.
 Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrift,
 And there he holdes my pulfe till with a sigh
 He doth vnclafpe his holde, and parts away
 Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
 And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
 For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
 He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
 For out of doores he went without their helpe,
 And so did leaue me.

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Cor. Madde for thy loue,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
 Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
 No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 80 Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a looke so pitious in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

II. i.

Oph. My Lord, as I was fowing in my cloffet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrae'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ftockins fouled,
80 Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his fhirt, his knees knocking each other.
And with a looke fo pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To fpeake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What faid he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
90 He falls to fuch perufall of my face
As a would draw it, long ftayd he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raifd a figh fo pittious and profound
As it did feeme to fhatte all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his fhoulder turn'd
Hee feem'd to find his way without his eyes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
90 He fals to fuch perufall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ftaid he fo,
At laft, a little fhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a figh, fo pittious and profound,
That it did feeme to fhatte all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his fhoulders turn'd,
He feem'd to finde his way without his eyes,

II. i.

What haue you giuen him any croffe wordes of late?

Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.

110 *Cor.* Why that hath made him madde:

By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger fort
To leaue their wantonneffe. Well, I am fory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madneffe may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

II. ii. *Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.*

King Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet
Hath loft the very heart of all his fence,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For out adores he went without their helpe;
100 And to the laft, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe.

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am forrie,

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What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de

110 His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am forrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,

II. i.

For out adoores he went without theyr helps,

100 And to the laft bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King, [29

This is the very extacie of loue,

Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,

And leades the will to desperat vndertakings

As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen

That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,

What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund

I did repell his letters, and denied

110 His acceffe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement

I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle

And meant to wrack thee, but befhrow my Ieloufie:

By heauen it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond our felues in our opinions,

As it is common for the younger fort

To lack difcretion; come, goe we to the King,

This must be knowne, which beeing kept clofe, might moue

More grieffe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,

Come. *Exeunt.*

II. ii. *Florish: Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
Guyldensterne.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Guyldensterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And meant to wracke thee: but befhrew my ienaloufie:

It seemes it is as proper to our Age,

To cast beyond our felues in our Opinions,

As it is common for the yonger fort

To lacke difcretion. Come, go we to the King,

This must be knowne, w^{ch} being kept clofe might moue

More greeffe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.

Exeunt.

I. ii.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-
sterne Cum alijs.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,

II. ii.

It is most right, and we most sorry for him:
 Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
 Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
 That you will labour but to wring from him
 The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
 Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankfull.

Rof. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
 Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
 Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound
 By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
 Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
 Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should bee
 More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
 10 I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
 And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
 That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time: so by your Companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

II. ii.

The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Refembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe

10 I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.

[30

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
20 And sure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your vifitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
20 And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Vifitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rofin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

II. ii.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the grieffe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indeuour all the best we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.

King Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Roffencraft.

Que. Thankes Roffencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

40 *Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully
Return'd from *Norway*.

King Thou still hast beene the father of good news.

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:
And I beleue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

[23

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Guil. We both obey,
30 And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Rofincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thankes *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rofincrance*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our preface and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

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II. ii.

Guyl. But we both obey.

30 *And heere giue vp our felues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.*

King. Thanks *Rofencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rofencrans*.
And I befeech you instantly to vifite
My too much changed fonne, goe fome of you
And bring thefe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyl. Heauens make our prefence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Rof. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

40 *Pol.* Th'embaffadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou ftill haft been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I affure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my foule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie fo fure
As it hath vfd to doe, that I haue found
The very caufe of *Hamlets* lunacie:

50 *King.* O fpeake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Giue firft admittance to th'embaffadors,
My newes fhall be the fruite to that great feaft.

[31

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter Polonius.

40 *Pol.* Th'Ambaffadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou ftill haft bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elfe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, fo fure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very caufe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

50 *King.* Oh fpeake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Giue firft admittance to th'Ambaffadors,
My Newes fhall be the Newes to that great Feaft.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?
 60 *Volt.* Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,
 Vpon our first he sent forth to suppressse
 His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
 But better look't into, he truely found
 It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,
 That fo his sickenesse, age, and impotence,
 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrefts
 On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
 Receiues rebuke from *Norway*:and in fine,
 70 Makes vow before his vncke, neuer more
 To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
 Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
 Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
 And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
 So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
 With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
 That it would please you to giue quiet passe
 Through your dominions, for that enterprife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
 He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
 The head and fourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
 His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall list him. Welcome good Friends:
 Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

60 *Volt.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
 Vpon our first, he sent our to suppressse
 His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
 But better look'd into, he truly found

II. ii.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall first him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

60 *Vol.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greued
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
70 Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three score thousand crownes in anuall fee.
And his commision to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

It was against your Highnesse, whereat greued,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
70 Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old *Norway*, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commision to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Entreprize,

II. ii.

On fuch regardes of fafety and allowances

80 As therein are fet downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leafure

Weele reade and anfwere thefe his Articles,

Meane time we thanke you for your well

Tooke labour: go to your reft, at night weele feaft together:

Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambaffadors.**Cor.* This bufines is very well difpatched.

[24

Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,

Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:

100 Now to know the caufe of this effect,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

On fuch regards of fafety and allowance,

80 As therein are fet downe.

King. It likes vs well:

And at our more confider'd time wee'l read,

Anfwer, and thinke vpon this Bufineffe.

Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.

Go to your reft, at night wee'l Feaft together.

Moft welcome home.

*Exit Ambaff.**Pol.* This bufineffe is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expoftulate

What Maiestie fhould be, what Dutie is,

Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.

Were nothing but to wafte Night, Day, and Time.

II. ii.

On such regards of safety and allowance

80 As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'le read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,

Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate

What maiestie should be, what dutie is,

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waite night, day, and time,

90 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,

And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,

I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:

Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,

What ist but to be nothing els but mad,

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,

That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie.

And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will vse no art,

100 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines

That we find out the cause of this effect,

[32

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

90 Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,

And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,

I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:

Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.

But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,

And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,

But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

100 Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines

That we finde out the cause of this effect,

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II. ii.

Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be briefe.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter.
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliuier'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.

Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.

120 To the beautifull *Ofelia*;
Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.

My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil't she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

110 To the *Celestiall*, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified *Ophelia*.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

II. ii.

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and furmise,

110 *To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beau-*
tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*

Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,

Doubt truth to be a lyer.

But neuer doubt I loue.

120 *O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon*
my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, *(Hamlet.*

And more about hath his folicitings

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place, [33

All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth mone:

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But neuer Doubt, I loue.

120 *O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to*
reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-
leeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:

And more about hath his foliciting,

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,

All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

II. ii.

130 *King* As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.
Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

140 Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
 And one that is vnequall for your loue:
 Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
 Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
 Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
 Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cros'd,
 Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
 He straitway grew into a melancholy,
 From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
 Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
 And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
 150 Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
 And if this be not true, take this from this.

[25

King Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

130 *King.* As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you thinke?
 When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
 As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, thinke.
 If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
 Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 140 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
 This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
 That she should locke her selfe from his Refort,

II. ii.

130

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or ginen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
140 And my young Miftris thus I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes and by this declension,
150 Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruitess of my Aduice,
And he repulsd. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnessse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknessse,
Thence to a Lightnessse, and by this declension
150 Into the Madnessse whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

II.ii.

That thing that I haue faide t is so, positifely,
And it hath fallen out otherwife.

Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this fame?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
160 The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let *Ophelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwife then loue,
Then let my censure faile an other time.

King. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. *exit.*

Cor. And here *Ophelia*, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. No that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwife,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

160 *Pol.* You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loofe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon;

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II. ii.

King. Not that I know

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

160 *Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee. So he does indeede.

[34

Pol. At such a time, Ile loofe my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no afsiftant for a ftate
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where fadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*

170 Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Let me be no Assiftant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where fadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,

170 Ile board him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.

180 *Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a blefsing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,

II.ii.

Pol. Honeft my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honeft as this world goes,
Is to be one man piekt out of tenne thoufand.

180 *Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the funne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kifing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blefsing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

190 *Pol.* How fay you by that, ftill harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at firft, a fayd I was a Fifhmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I fuffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile fpeake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

200 *Ham.* Slaunders fir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thiek Amber, & pluntree gum, & that they haue a plen-
tifull lacke of wit, together with moft weake hams, all which fir [35
though I moft powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not
honefty to haue it thus fet downe, for your felfe fir fhall growe old
as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I fuffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile
fpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

200 *Ham.* Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall flauie faies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled; their eyes purging thicke Amber. or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit.
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
moft powerfully, and potently beleue; yet I holde it
not Honeftie to haue it thus fet downe: For you your
felfe Sir, fhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
 Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
 Out of the ayre my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
 How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
 A happinesse,
 That often Madnesse hits on,
 Which Reason and Sanitie could not
 So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
 I will leaue him,
 And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
 Betweene him, and my daughter.
 My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
 Take my leaue of you.

220 *Ham.* You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
 will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
 life.

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II. ii.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and fanctity could not so prosperoufly be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

220 *Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildersterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Guy. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Guildersterne*?

230 A *Rosencrans*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guy. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap,
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there
hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

230 *Ham.* My excellent good friends? How do'ft thou
Guildensterne? Oh, *Rosincran*; good Lads: How doe ye
both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on For-
tunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Then you liue about her wastē, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

240 *Ham.* In the secreet parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

250 *Rosin.* Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

II. ii.

Ham. Then you liue about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-
Guyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.)

240 *Ham.* In the fecret parts of Fortune. oh moft true, fhe is a ftrumpet,
What newes?

Rof. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honeft.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
But in the beaten way of friendfhip, what make you at *Elfonoure*?

Rof. To vifit you my Lord, no other occafion.

280 *Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke
you, and fure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny:
were you not fent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free vifitati-
on? come, come, deale iuftly with me, come, come, nay fpeake.

Guyl. What fhould we fay my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

260 *Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutfhell, and
count my felfe a King of infinite fpace; were it not that
I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the
very fubftance of the Ambitious, is meerely the fhadow
of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it felfe is but a fhadow.

Rofin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of fo ayry and
light a quality, that it is but a fhadowes fhadow.

270 *Ham.* Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Mo-
narchs and out-ftretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes:
fhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-
fon?

Both. Wee'I wait vpon you.

Ham. No fuch matter. I will not fort you with the
reft of my feruants: for to fpeake to you like an honeft
man: I am moft dreadfully attended; but in the beaten
way of friendfhip. What make you at *Elfonower*?

Rofin. To vifit you my Lord, no other occafion.

280 *Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes;
but I thanke you: and fure deare friends my thanks
are too deare a halfpenny; were you not fent for? Is it
your owne inclining? Is it a free vifitation? Come,
deale iuftly with me: come, come; nay fpeake.

Guil. What fhould we fay my Lord?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preferued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, wether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me hold not off.

II. ii.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is [36
290 a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not
craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue
sent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the
rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the
obligation of our euer preferred loue; and by what more deare a
better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with
me whether you were sent for or no.

300 *Rof.* What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your
discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no fea-
ther, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth,
forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with
310 my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a
sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke
you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roofe fret-
ted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule
and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a
man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and
mouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an An-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
preuent your discouery of your secrecie to the King and
Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore
I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-
ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi-
310 on; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-
ill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre.
look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe,
fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-
pours. What a peece of worke is a man! how Noble in
Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

320 gel? in apprehension. how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rofin. My Lord. there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rofin. To thinke, my Lord. if you delight not in Man.
330 what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way. and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome: his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shall vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall

II. ii.

320 gell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the
paragon of Auninales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of
dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your
smilling, you seeme to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

330 *Rof.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton
entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them
on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Maiestie shall
haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and
target, the Louer shall not figh gratis, the humorus Man shall end
his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the
340 black verfe shall halt for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians
of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they trauaile? their residence both in reputa- [37
tion, and profit was better both wayes.

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late
innouation.

350 *Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in
the City; are they so followed.

Rof. No indeede are they not.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

not figh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in
peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady shall say her minde
freely; or the blanke Verfe shall halt for't: what Players
340 are they?

Rofin. Euen those you were wont to take delight in
the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanches it they trauaile? their resi-
dence both in reputation and profit was better both
wayes.

Rofin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes
of the late Innouation?

350 *Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did
when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rofin. No indeed, they are not.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
 360 Goofe-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

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Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

370 *Rosin.* Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

II.ii.

380 *Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philofophie could find it out. *A Flourish.*

Guy. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players,
390 which I tell you must shoue fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guy. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rofin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

380 *Ham.* It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philofophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe,
390 left my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handfaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

400 *Ham.* Hearke you *Guiltensterne*, and you too: at each
eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet
out of his fwathing clouts.

Rofin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for
they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophefie. Hee comes to tell me of the
Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday mor-
ning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

410 When *Roffius* an Actor in Rome —

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

II. ii.

400 *Ham.* Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer,
that great baby you see there is not yet out of his fwadling clouts.

Rof. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an
old man is twice a child

Ham. I will propheey, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it,
You say right fir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

410 *Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor
in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy,
Hiftory, Paftorall, Paftorall Comickall, Historicall Paftorall, scene
420 indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor [33
Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the
only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'ft thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued
pafsing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe —

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Trage-
die, Comedie, Historie, Paftorall: Paftoricall - Comickall -
Historicall - Paftorall: Tragicall - Historicall: Tragicall -
420 Comickall - Historicall - Paftorall: Scene indiuible, or Po-
em vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus*
too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are
the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Irael, what a Treasure had'ft
thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

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Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

430 *Polon.* If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paffing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as moft like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanfon* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fve Players.

440 Y'are welcome Mafters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee laft: Com'ft thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladifhip is neerer Heauen then when

II. ii.

430 *Pol.* If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pafsing well.)

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to paffe, as moft like it was; the firft rowe of the pious chanfon will flowe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

440 *Ham.* You are welcome maifters, welcome all, I am glad to fee thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanct fince I faw thee laft, com'ft thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and miftris, by lady your Ladifhippe is nerer to heauen, then when I faw you laft by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maifters you are all welcome,
450 weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we fee, weele haue a fpeech ftraite, come giue vs a taft of your quality, come a pafionate fpeech.

Player. What fpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee fpeake me a fpeech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleafd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whofe iudgements in fuch matters cried in the top
460 of mine, an excellent play, well digefted in the fcenes, fet downe with as much modeftie as cunning. I remember one fayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter fauory, nor no

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I faw you laft, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Maifters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne
450 to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we fee: wee'l haue a Speech ftraight. Come giue vs a taft of your quality: come, a paffionate fpeech.

1. *Play.* What fpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee fpeak me a fpeech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whofe iudgement in fuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an
460 excellent Play; well digefted in the Scenes, fet downe with as much modeftie, as cunning. I remember one faid. there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fa-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

noury; nor no matter in the phrafe, that might indite the
 Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One
 cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale
 to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks
 470 of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at
 this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like
 th'*Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
 The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
 Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe.
 Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
 480 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,

11. ii.

matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection,
but cald it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweete, & by very
much, more handſome then fine: one ſpeech in't I chiefly loued,
t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it eſpecially when he
470 ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at
this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ireanian
beaſt, tis not ſo, it begins with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whoſe [39
fable Armes,

Black as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complection ſmeard,
With heraldy more diſmall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
480 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and empacted with the parching ſtreets
That lend a tirranus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cifed with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the helliſh *Phirrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceede you.
Pol. Foregod my Lord well ſpoken, with good accent and good
490 *Play.* Anon he finds him, (diſeretion.
Stricking too ſhort at Greekes, his anticke ſword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell ſword.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Bak'd and impacted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire.
And thus o're-ſized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandfire *Priam* ſeekes.
Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good ac-
cent, and good diſeretion.
490 1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falls
Repugnant to command: vnequall match.
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Ilium,
 Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
 Stoopest to his Base, and with a hideous crash
 Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
 500 Which was declining on the Milkie head
 Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to stieke:
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
 But as we often see against some storme,
 A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
 The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
 As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
 Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
 510 A ro wfed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,

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II. ii.

Th'vnmerrued father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his bafe; and with a hiddious crafth
Takes prifoner *Pirrhus* care, for loe his fword

500 Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to ftick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* ftood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often fee againft fome ftorme,
A filence in the heauens, the racke ftand ftill,
The bold winds fpeechleffe, and the orbe belowe
As hufh as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend to region, fo after *Pirrhus* pause,

510 A rowfed vengeance fets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marfes* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With leffe remorfe then *Pirrhus* bleeding fword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou ftrumpet Fortune, all you gods, [40
In generall finod take away her power,
Breake all the fpokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

520 *Pol.* This is too long.

Ham It fhall to the barbers with your beard; prethee fay on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he fleepes, fay on, come to *Hecuba*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With leffe remorfe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding fword
Now falles on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

520 *Pol.* This is too long.

Ham. It fhall to'th Barbar, with your beard. Pry-
thee fay on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
fleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot vp and downe.

Threatning the flame

With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,

530 Where late the Diadem ftood, and for a Robe

About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,

A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,

'Gainst Fortunes State, would 'Treason haue pronounc'd?

Put if the Gods themfelues did see her then,

When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,

II. ii.

Play. But who, a wqe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene

Pol. That's good.

Play Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bifon* rehume, a clout vppon that head
530 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore teaned loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes ftate would treason haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all.
540 Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And pafsion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
550 Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
540 Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paffion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not 'turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
550 your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
fart.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man after his defart, and who fould scape whipping: vse them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Exit Polon.

560 *Ham.* Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doft thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which I would fet downe, and infert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

H. ii.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

560 *Ham.* Follow him friends, wee heare a play to morrowe: dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*? [41

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

570 *Ham.* Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure*.
Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Rof. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pefant slaue am I.
Is it not monftrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafsion
Could force his foule so to his owne conceit
580 That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function futing
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

570 *Ham.* Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rofin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.* [264^b

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pefant slaue am I?
Is it not monftrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paffion,
Could force his foule so to his whole conceit,
580 That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function futing
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paffion
 That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 And cleaue the generall eare with horrid fpeech:
 590 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
 Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
 And can fay nothing: No, not for a King,
 Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?

II.ii.

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
590 Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares: yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a croffe,
600 Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th' thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall
To make oppresion bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this slaues offall. bloody, bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
Why what an Affe am I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murdered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
600 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppresion bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
610 Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Affe am I? I sure, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Muft (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
 And fall a Curfing like a very Drab,
 A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
 I haue heard, that guilty Creatures fitting at a Play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the Scène,
 620 Bene ftrooke fo to the foule, that prefently
 They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
 For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will fpeake
 With moft myraculous Organ. He haue thefe Players,
 Play fomething like the murder of my Father.
 Before mine Vnkle. He obferue his lookes,
 He tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
 I know my courfe. The Spirit that I haue feene

II. ii.

Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures fitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
620 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
630 Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relative then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

III. i. *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyl-
densterne, Lords.*

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
630 Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relative then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

III. i. *Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
sincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. He does confesse he feels himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession

10 Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rofin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rofin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rofin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players

III. i.

Rof. He dooes confesse he fees himfelfe diftracted,
But from what caufe, a will by no meanes fpeake.

Guyll. Nor doe we find him forward to be founded.
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to fome confefion

10 Of his true ftate.

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Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Mofl like a gentleman.

Guyll. But with much forcing of his difpofition.

Rof. Niggard of queftion, but of our demaunds
Mofl free in his reply.

Quee. Did you affay him to any pafftime?

Rof. Maddam, it fo fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of thefe we told him,
And there did feeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,

20 And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis mofl true,

And he befecch me to intreat your Maiefties
To heare and fee the matter.

King. With all my hart,

And it doth much content me
To heare him fo inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into thefe delights.

Rof. We fhall my Lord.

Exeunt Rof. & Guyll.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

We ore-wrought on the way: of thefe we told him,

And there did feeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it. They are about the Court,

20 And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis mofl true:

And he befecch'd me to intreate your Maiefties
To heare, and fee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him fo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To thefe delights.

Rofin. We fhall my Lord.

Exeunt.

Hefting text

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
30 That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials) *Spune*
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene *Beuchmen*
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I fhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
40 Of *Hamlets* wildeneffe: so fhall I hope your Vertues

III. i.

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
 For we haue clofely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
 30 That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
 Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
 Wee'le so bestow our felnes, that seeing vnfeene,
 We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
 And gather by him as he is behau'd,
 Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no
 That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
 And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wifh
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 40 Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
 Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wifh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you.
 We will bestow our felues; reade on this booke,
 That show of such an exercife may cullour
 Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
 'Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions vifage
 And pious action, we doe fugar ore
 The deuill himselfe.

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King. O tis too true,
 50 How smart a lafh that speech doth giue my confcience.
 The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
 To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wifh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
 We will bestow our felues: Reade on this booke.
 That shew of such an exercife may colour
 Your lonelineffe. We are oft too blame in this.
 'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions vifage.
 And pious Action, we do surge o're
 The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:

50 How smart a lafh that speech doth giue my Confcience?
 The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaift'ring Art

Handwritten initials

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,

60 To Die, to fleepe, is that all? I all:
 No, to fleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes.
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
 And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
 From whence no paffenger euer retur'nd,
 The vndifcouered country, at whose fight
 The happy fmile, and the accurfed damn'd.
 But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,

70 Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
 Scorned by the right rich, the rich curffed of the poore?
 The widow being oppreffed, the orphan wrong'd,
 The tafte of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
 And thoufand more calamities befides,
 To grunt and fweate vnder this weary life,
 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it, *quiet*
 Then is my deede, to my moft painted word.
 Oh heaueie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queftion:
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to fuffer
 The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune. *Spur*
 Or to take Armes againft a Sea of troubles,
 60 And by oppofing end them: to dye, to fleepe
 No more; and by a fleepe, to fay we end
 The Heart-ake, and the thoufand Naturali fhockes *herd enisse*

III. i.

Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
60 And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall flocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a confumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
70 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The infolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a confumation
Deuoutly to be wisht. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawfe. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare

Handwritten notes:
Kampf = [265b] heire
Wissat die indub
Spott
Schimpf
wird nicht
Schimpf
Ende
Last

III. i.

With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?

- 80 Which puffes the braine, and doth confound the fence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this confcience makes cowardes of vs all,

90 Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembered.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- To grunt and sweate vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Confcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
Is ficklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
90 Be all my finnes remembered.

Handwritten notes:
Fuchlinge
Von der Gedankten
und
Ophelia

III.i.

To grunt and sweate vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne
80 No trauiler returnes, puzzles the will, [45
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards, *of us all*
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is fickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprifes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard they currents turne awry, *vindish*
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons
90 Be all my finnes remembered.

Oph. Good my Lord,

How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compold
As made these things more rich, their perfume loft,
100 Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliiuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
100 Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proueu vnkinde.
There my Lord.

III. i.

Ham. Are you faire?*Ofel.* My Lord.*Ham.* Are you honest?*Ofel.* What meanes my Lord?*Ham.* That if you be faire and honest,

Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

110 *Ofel.* My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
with honesty?*Ham.* Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:

Then Honesty can transforme Beauty:

This was sometimes a Paradox,

But now the time giues it scope.

I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,

And with them such earnest vowes of loue,

As would haue mou'd the stoniest breast alieue,

But now too true I finde,

Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

120 *Ham.* I neuer loued you.*Ofel.* You made me beleue you did.*Ham.* O thou shouldst not a beleueed me! [27

Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou

Be a breeder of finners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,

But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes

It had bene better my mother had ne're borne me,

O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,

With more finnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ham.* Ha, ha: Are you honest?*Ophe.* My Lord.*Ham.* Are you faire?*Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship? *Hamlet**Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.110 *Ophe.* Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honesty?*Ham.* I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd. then the
force of Honesty can translate Beautie into his likeneffe.

III. i.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beautie.

110 *Oph.* Could beauty my Lord haue better comers
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleen'd me, for vertue cannot so
120 enoculat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

[46

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would't thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest. but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

120 *Ham.* You should not haue beleued me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would't thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proude, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue

III.i.

130 To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods fake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee

140 This plague to thy dowry:

Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calunny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God hath giuen you one face,

150 And you make your selues another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

[28

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

130 them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

[266a

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

140 *Ham.* If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calunny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:

III. i.

130 or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleecue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houfe,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

140 *Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calunny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wife men knowe well enough what monfters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

150 *Ham.* I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you lift you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

for Wife men know well enough, what monfters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

150 *Ham.* I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lifpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

III. i.

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
 The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
 All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
 To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit.*

170 *King.* Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and*
 Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
 The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
 160 Th'expectantie and Rose of the faire State,
 The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
 Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
 Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
 That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
 Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
 Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
 That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
 Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
 T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

170 *King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend.

III.i.

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, fouldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
160 Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That sucked the honny of his mulickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmacht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
Th'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *Exit,*
Enter King and Polonius. [47

170 *King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick detérmination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
180 With variable obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly fits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
180 With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
 170 I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
 Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
 Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
 To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*
 Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*
Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.
Cor. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
 For to be honest, as this age goes,
 Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.
Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?
Ham. Wordes, wordes.
Cor. What's the matter my Lord?
Ham. Betweene who?
Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Ham. Many most vile heresie:
 For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
 That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue
 The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
 Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
 You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 190 Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him

III.i.

Pol. It fhall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?

You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* faid,

We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,

But if you hold it fit, after the play,

190 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To fhew his grieffe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (fo please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* fend him: or confine him where
Your wifedome beft fhall thinke.

King. It fhall be fo,

Madnes in great ones muft not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And Ile be plac'd fo, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England fend him: Or confine him where
Your wifedome beft fhall thinke.

King. It fhall be fo:

Madnesse in great Ones, muft not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

II. ii.

Grey bearded, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges.
 All which fir, I most potently beleue not:
 For fir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
 If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:

190 Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
 All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue.
 And when I was 'yong, I was very idle,
 And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
 Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

210 *Ham.* Into my graue.

[29

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
 Very fhrewd answers,
 My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Roffencraft.

220 *Ham.* You can take nothing from me fir,
 I will more willingly part with all,
 Olde doating foole.

Cor. You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Roffencraft,
 Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elfanoure.*

Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
 You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
 Your felues, or were you not sent for?

290 Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
 Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
 Come, I know you were sent for.

300 *Gil.* What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde fits,
 Come, you were sent for.

Roff. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
 Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Roff. I thinke not so my lord.

310 *Ham.* Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
 No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,
 No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
 Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
 When I said, Man did not content mee?

III. i.

II. ii.

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not content you.

What entertainment the Players shall haue,

330 We boarded them a the way: they are comming to you. [30

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Roff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (ftie?)

Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.

380 *Ham.* I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes
At my vncke, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall figh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

400 Do you see yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his fwadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe. (Players,

Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday laft, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

410 When *Roffios* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comickall,
Comickall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

420 *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

[31

III.i.

II.ii.

Ha. O *Iepha* Iudge of *Ifrael!* what a treafure hadft thou?

Cor. Why what a treafure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued paffing well.

Cor. A, ftill harping a my daughter! well my Lord.

430 *If* you call me *Iepha*, I haue a daughter that
I loue paffing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to paffe,
And fo it was, the firft verfe of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
440 Welcome maifters, welcome all, *Enter players.*
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I faw thee laft, com'ft thou to beard me in *Denmarke?*
My yong lady and miftris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladifhip is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maifters,

450 Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we fee, come, a tafte of your
Qualitie, a fpeech, a paffionate fpeech.

Players What fpeech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee fpeake a fpeech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboute twice, for as I remember,
It pleaſed not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kinde.
460 Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play.
Set downe with as great modeſtie as cunning:
One faid there was no fallets in the lines to make the fauory,
But called it an honeft methode, as wholefome as fweete. [32
Come, a fpeech in it I chiefly remember

Was *Aeneas* tale to *Dido*,
And then eſpecially where he talkes of Princes flauhter,
470 *If* it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me fee.

The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beaft:

No t'is not fo, it begins with *Pirrus*:

O I haue it.

The rugged *Pirrus*, he whoſe fable armes,
Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,

III.i.

II. ii.

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
 Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
 With Heraldry more difmall, head to foote,
 Now is he totall guife, horridely tricked

480 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, fonnes,
 Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
 Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfire *Pryam* seekes:

So goe on. (accent.)

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

490 *Play.* Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
 His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,
 Lies where it falles, vnable to refist.

Pyrrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
 Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
 Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

520 *Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
 Or else he fleepes, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
 And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blanket
 530 And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe stoode,
 Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
 Would treason haue pronounced,

[33

For if the gods themfelues had seene her then,
 When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,
 Mincing her husbandes limbs,

540 It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
 And passion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
 And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
 Will you see the Players well bestowed,

I tell you they are the Chronicles
 And briefe abstracts of the time,

550 After your death I can tell you,
 You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
 Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will vse them according to their deferts.

Ham. O farre better man, vse euery man after his deferts,
 Then who should scape whipping?

III. i.

II. ii.

Use them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deferue, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonfago*?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or fixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

players Yes very easly my good Lord.

570 *Ham.* T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord.
And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? [34
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdered, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
590 Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an affe and lohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdered by a villaine,
Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
600 Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offell, this damned villaine,
Tracherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures fitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
630 And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,

III.i.

II.ii.

Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue founder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

III.i.

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answere to that we exposde.

[35

Roff. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
20 He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highnesse company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your felues will still be thankfull.

Both In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.

Queene Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*)

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Princee.

King Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.

Queene My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the foule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.

King What i'ft *Corambis*? (done,

Cor. Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are
190 Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?

King It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?

Queene With all my heart, soone will I send for him.

Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes.*

III. i.

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

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Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee,

Mary and you mouth it. as a many of your players do

I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,

Then such a fellow speake my lines.

Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,

But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,

10 O it offends mee to the foule, to heare a rebuftious periwig

To teare a paffion in totters, into very ragges,

To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noifes,

Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and

I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarnagant

It out, Herodes Herod.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.[266^b

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
Paffion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
10 may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
to see a robuftious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paffi-
on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noife: I could
haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

III. ii.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it
10 offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground- [48]
lings, vvho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne diferetion be
20 your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preffure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskill-
30 full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne
20 Diferetion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskill-
30 full laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing

40 *players* My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together: There be fellowes that I haue seene play, And heard others commend them, and that highly too; That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan, Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed, That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen Had made men, and not made them well, They imitated humanitie, so abhominable: Take heede, auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake More then is fet downe, there be of them I can tell you That will laugh themfelues, to fet on some Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them, Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it. And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one sute of Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus: [37] Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon: And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips, And thus keeping in his cinkapafe of ieafts, When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare: Maisters tell him of it.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

III. ii.

uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

40 *Player.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most
50 pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barron Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, &
50 shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

III. ii.

50 *players* We will my Lord.*Ham.* Well, goe make you ready. *excunt players.**Horatio.* Heere my Lord.60 *As e're my conuerfation cop'd withall.**Hor.* O my lord!*Ham.* Nay why fhould I flatter thee?

Why fhould the poore be flattered?

What gaine fhould I receiue by flattering thee,

That nothing hath but thy good minde?

Let flattery fit on thofe time-pleafing tonges,

To glofe with them that loues to heare their praife,

And not with fuch as thou *Horatio.**The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildenfterne.*

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that prefently.*Ham.* Bid the Players make haft. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to haften them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.**Enter Horatio.**Ham.* What hoa, *Horatio*?*Hora.* Heere fweet Lord, at your Seruice.*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuft a man60 *As ere my Conuerfation coap'd withall.**Hora.* O my deere Lord.*Ham.* Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. Will you two help to haften thē.

Rof. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man,

60 As ere my conuerfation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,

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For what aduancement may I hope from thee

That no reueneue haft but thy good spirits

To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,

And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,

Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,

70 S'hath seal'd thee for herselfe, for thou haft been

As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,

A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards

Haft tane with equall thanks; and blest are those

Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,

That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,

That no Reueneue haft, but thy good spirits

To feed & cloath thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd? [267^a

No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,

And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow faining? Doost thou heare,

Since my deere Soule was Mistress of my choyse,

And could of men distinguish, her election

70 Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou haft bene

As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.

A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards

Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,

Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,

That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,

80 There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou fhalt see that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghoft that we haue seene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eies fhall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That fhall appeare in him, but I fhall note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?)

King How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, fhall we haue

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

To found what stop the please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

80 There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghoft that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,

III. ii.

To found what stop the please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
80 There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Oferue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,
90 For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioine
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the wilft this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place. [50

King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

90 For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioine,
To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil't this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
Guiltensterne, and other Lords attendant, with
his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cofin *Hamlet*?

III. ii.

100 *Ham.* Yfaith the Camelions difh, not capon cramm'd,
feede a the ayre.

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I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuerfitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæſar*, I was killed
in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

110 *Ham.* It was a brute parte of him,
To kill fo capitall a calfe.

Come, be theſe Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come ſit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you giue me leaue, and fo forth: (tractiue:
To lay my head in your lappe?

120 *Ofel.* No my Lord. (trary matters?)

Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions difh: I eate
100 the Ayre promife-cramm'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.

King. I haue nothing with this anfwer *Hamlet*, theſe
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
i'th' Vniuerfity, you fay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*; I was kill'd i'th' Capitoll:
Brutus kill'd me.

110 *Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill fo Capitall a
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rofin. I my Lord, they ftay vpon your patience.

III. ii.

- Ham.* Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions difh, I eate the ayre,
100 Promifcram'd, you cannot feede Capons fo.
King. I haue nothing with this aunfwer *Hamlet*,
Thefe words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuerfitie you fay,
Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Ham. What did you enact?
Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæfar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.
110 *Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill fo capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?
Rof. I my Lord, they ftay vpon your patience.
Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, fit by me.
Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.
Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.
Ham. Lady fhall I lie in your lap?
120 *Ophe.* No my Lord.
Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Oph. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry my Lord.
130 *Ham.* Who I?
-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Qu.* Come hither my good *Hamlet*, fit by me.
Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.
Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?
Ham. Ladie, fhall I lye in your Lap?
120 *Ophe.* No my Lord.
Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
Ophe. I my Lord.
Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.
Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
Ophe. What is my Lord?
Ham. Nothing. [267^b
Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?
130 *Ham.* Who I?

Enter in a Dumble Shew, the King and the Queene, he fits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*

Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

Ham. you fhall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
140 great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must bulde Churches then: or else fhall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horffe, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horfe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumble shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck.

III. ii.

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a fute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
140 then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-lieue his life halfe a yeere, but ber Lady a muft build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horfe, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horfe is forgot.

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbes show follows:

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Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyfner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyfner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.

150 *Oph.* Belike this shew imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poyfner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyfner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Mischiefe.

150 *Ophe.* Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

III. ii.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this fhew meanes?*Ham.* I, or any fhew you'le fhew him,

Be not afeard to fhew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

O thefe Players cannot keepe counfell, thei'le tell all

Prolog. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

160 Heere ftowpiug to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. I'ft a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?*Ofel.* T'is fhort my Lord.*Ham.* As womens loue.*Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.**Duke* Full fortie yeares are pafte, their date is gone,

Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:

And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,

Ruunes weakely in their pipes, and all the ftraines

Of muficke, which whilome pleafde mine eare,

Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:

And therefore fweete Nature muft pay his due.

To heauen muft I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutcheffe O fay not fo, left that you kill my heart,

When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy felfe, when ended is my date,

Thou maift (perchance) haue a more noble mate,

More wife, more youthfull, and one.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ophe.* Will they tell vs what this fhew meant?*Ham.* I, or any fhew that you'l fhew him. Bee not
you afham'd to fhew, hee'l not fflame to tell you what it
meanes.*Ophe.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
Play.*Enter Prologue.**For vs, and for our Tragedie,*160 *Heere ftowping to your Clemencie:**We begge your hearing Patientlie.**Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?*Ophe.* 'Tis brieft my Lord.*Ham.* As Womans loue.

III. ii.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this fhow meant?

Ham. I, or any fhow that you will fhow him, be not you afham'd
to fhow, heele not fhaime to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

160 Heere ftooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the polie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes falt wafh, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dofen Moones with borrowed fheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands

170 Vnite comutuall in moft facred bands.

Quee: So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are, fo ficke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former ftate,
That I diftrufft you, yet though I diftrufft,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing muft.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue.
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes falt Wafh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed fheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene.
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands

170 Vnite comutuall, in moft facred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are fo ficke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ftate,
That I diftrufft you: yet though I diftrufft,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muft:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie.
In neither ought, or in extremity:

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Dutcheffe O speake no more, for then I am accurft,

190 None weds the fecond, but fhe kills the firft:

A fecond time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When fecond husband kifles me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe beleue you fweete, what now you fpeake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
180 And as my Loue is fiz'd, my Feare is fo.

King. Faith I muft leaue thee Loue, and fhortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou fhalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband fhalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the reft:
Such Loue, muft needs be Treafon in my breft:
In fecond Husband, let me be accurft,
190 None wed the fecond, but who kill'd the firft.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that fecond Marriage moue,

III. ii.

Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
180 And as my loue is eiz'd, my feare is fo,
Where loue is great, the litleft doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I muft leaue thee loue, and fhortly to.
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou fhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband fhalt thou.

Quee. O confound the reft,
Such loue muft needes be treafon in my breft,
In fecond husband let me be accurft,
190 None wed the fecond, but who kild the firft.
The instances that fecond marriage moue
Are bafe respects of thrift, but none of loue.
A fecond time I kill my husband dead,
When fecond husband kifles me in bed.

Ham. That's
wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you fpeake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the flauie to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
200 Which now the fruite vnripe fticks on the tree.
But fall vnfhaken when they mellow bee.
Moft neceffary tis that we forget
To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,
What to our felues in pafsion we propofe,
The pafsion ending, doth the purpose lofe,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Are bafe respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A fecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When fecond Husband kifles me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you fpeak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the flauie to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
200 Which now like Fruite vnripe ftickes on the Tree,
But fall vnfhaken, when they mellow bee.
Moft neceffary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our felues. what to our felues is debt:
What to our felues in paffion we propofe,
The paffion ending, doth the purpose lofe.

For our demises ftill are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
 So thinke you will no fecond husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.

Dutcheffe Both here and there purfue me lafting ftife,
 If once a widdow, euer I be wife.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
 Their owne enactors with themfelues deftroy:
 Where Ioy moft Reuels, Greefe doth moft lament;
 Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on flender accident,
 210 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ftange
 That euen our Loues fhould with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a queftion left vs yet to proue,
 Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elfe Fortune Loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
 The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
 And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, fhall neuer lacke a Friend:
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,

III.ii.

- The violence of eyther, grieffe, or ioy,
Their owne enaactures with themfelues deftroy,
Where ioy moft reuels, grieffe doth moft lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on flender accedent,
210 This world is not for aye, nor tis not ftrange,
That euen our loues fhould with our fortunes change:
For tis a queftion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies, [53
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, fhall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly feafons him his enemy.
220 But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe fo contrary runne,
That our deuifes ftill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no fecond husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy firft Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repofe lock from me day and night,
To defperation turne my truft and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prifon be my fcope,
230 Each oppofite that blancks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it deftroy,
Both heere and hence purfue me lafting ftrife, *Ham.* If fhe fhould
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.
-
-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Directly feafons him his Enemie.
220 But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run,
That our Deuices ftill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no fecond Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy firft Lord is dead.
Bay. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repofe locke from me day and night:
230 Each oppofite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deftroy:
Both heere, and hence, purfue me lafting ftrife.
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

III. ii.

Ham. If she should breake now.*Duke* 'Tis deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious
time with sleepe.*Dutcheffe* Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady**Ham.* Madam, how do you like this play?240 *Queene* The Lady protests too much.*Ham.* O but shee'le keep her word.*King* Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
in it?*Ham.* No offence in the world, poyson in iest, poison in [40*King* What do you call the name of the phy? (iest.)*Ham.* Moufe-trap: mary how trapiically: this play is
The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*250 Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*;Father, it is a knauifh peece a worke: but what
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one*Lucianus* nephew to the King.*Ofel.* Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.*Ham.* I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the
poopies dallying.*Ofel.* Y'are very pleafant my lord.130 *Ham.* Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde
a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo-
ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Ham.* If she should breake it now.*King.* 'Tis deeply sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.*Qu.* Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit**Ham.* Madam, how like you this Play?240 *Qu.* The Lady protests to much me thinkes.*Ham.* Oh but shee'l keepe her word.*King.* Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't?.

III. ii.

King. Tis deeply fworne, fweet leaue me heere a while,
My fpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with fleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine.

And neuer come mifchance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

240 *Quee.* The Lady doth proteft too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but fhee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieft, poyfon in ieft. no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

250 *Ham.* The Moufetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you fhall fee anon, tis a knauifh peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maieftie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled lade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could fee the puppets dallying.

[54

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. No, no, they do but ieft, poyfon in ieft, no Of-
fence i'th' world.

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King. What do you call the Play?

250 *Ham.* The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gon-*
zago is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you fhall fee
anon: 'tis a knauifh peece of worke: But what o' that?
Your Maieftie, and wee that haue free foules, it touches
vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnwrong.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could fee the Puppets dallying.

III.ii.

Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.*Ham.* Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le haue a fute of Sables: Iefus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some140 Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,
But by my faith hee muft build churches then,
Or els hee muft follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horfe is forgot.*Ofel.* Your iefts are keene my Lord.260 *Ham.* It would coft you a groning to take them off.*Ofel.* Still better and worfe.*Ham.* So you muft take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauē doth bellow for reuenge.*Murd.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate feafon, elfe no creature feeing: (agreeing.
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
With *Hecates* bane thrife blafted, thrife infected,270 Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
One wholefome life vfurps immediately.*exit.**Ham.* Hepoyfons him for his eftate.

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280 *King* Lights, I will to bed.*Cor.* Theking rifes, lights hoe.*Exeunt King and Lordes.**The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Ophe.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.260 *Ham.* It would coft you a groaning, to take off my
edge.*Ophe.* Still better and worfe.*Ham.* So you miftake Husbands.Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauē doth bellow for Re-
uenge.*Lucian.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate feafon, elfe, no Creature feeing:
Thou mixture rancke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blafted, thrice infected,

III. ii.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

260 *Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Confiderat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,

270 Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rifes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

280 *King.* Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

270 Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediatly.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rifes.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire?

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

280 *King.* Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

III. ii.

Ham. What, frighted with falfe fires?
Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngalled play,
For some muft laugh, while some muft weepe,
Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is moued my lord.

Ham. I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word
For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your diftempera-

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some muft watch, while some muft sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players fir.

290 *Hor.* Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme difmantled was of Ioue himselfe,

III. ii.

Ham. Why let the ftrooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For fome muft watch while fome muft fleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forreft of fea-
thers, if the reft of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall
Rofes on my raz'd fhooes, get me a fellowfhip in a cry of players?

290 *Hora.* Halfe a fhare.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dooft know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme difmantled was
Of *Ioue* himfelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghofts word for a thoufand
pound. Did'ft perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

300 *Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come fome mufique, come the Recorders, [55
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, fome mufique.

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutfate me a word with you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Paiocke.

Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghofts word for
a thoufand pound. Did'ft perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

300 *Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyfoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come fome Mufick. Come y^e Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come fome Muficke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchfate me a word with you.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiftory.

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310 *Guild.* The King, fir.

Ham. I fir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyement, maruellous diftemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wifedome fhould fhew it felfe more richer, to fignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

320 *Guild.* Good my Lord put your difcourfe into fome frame, and ftart not fo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

III. ii.

Ham. Sir a whole hiftorie.

310 *Guyl.* The King fir.

Ham. I fir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous diftempred.

Ham. With drinke fir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wifedome fhould fhewe it felfe more richer to fignifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

320 *Guyl.* Good my Lord put your difcourfe into fome frame,
And ftare not fo wildly from my affaie.

Ham. I am tame fir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in moft great affliction of fpirit, hath fent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtefie is not of the right breede, if it fhall pleafe you to make me a wholfome aunfwere, I will doe your
330 mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, fhall be the end of bufines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholfome anfwer, my wits difeafd, but fir, fuch anfwere as I can make, you fhall commaund, or rather as you fay, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you fay.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moft great affliction of fpirit, hath fent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtefie is not of the right breed. If it fhall pleafe you to make me a wholfome anfwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
330 if not, your pardon, and my returne fhall bee the end of my Bufineffe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholfome anfwere: my wits difeas'd. But fir, fuch anfwers as I can make, you fhall command: or rather you fay, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you fay.

Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

Ham. We fhall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Roff. But my good Lord, fhall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Roff. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. Then thus she faves: your behaiour hath ftroke her into amazement, and admiration.

340 *Ham.* Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can fo astonifh a Mother. But is there no fequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rofin. She defires to speake with you in her Cloffet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We fhall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rofin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ftill, by thefe pickers and ftealers.

350 *Rofin.* Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

III. ii.

Rof. Then thus she fayes, your behauour hath ftrooke her into amazement and admiration.

340 *Ham.* O wonderful forme that can fo ftonifh a mother, but is there no fequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rof. She defires to fpeak with you in her clofet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We fhall obey, were fhe ten times our mother. haue you any further trade with vs?

Rof. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe ftill by thefe pickers and ftealers.

350 *Rof.* Good my Lord, what is your caufe of diftemper, you do furely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend. [56

Ham. Sir I lacke aduauncement.

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe for your fuceffion in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the graffe growes, the prouerbe is fomewhat mufty, ô the Recorders, let mee fee one, to withdraw with you, why
360 doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guy. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderftand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himfelfe, for your Suceffion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graffe growes, the Prouerbe is fomewhat mufty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

360 O the Recorder. Let me fee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild, O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderftand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

III. ii.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

370 *Ham.* Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot. (me?)

380 *Ham.* Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon [42
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And diue into the secreet of my soule.

Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd

On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument

You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not

IV. ii. Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.

Ros. How a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, a sponge, that sokes vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,

Do the king, in the end, best seruife;

For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,

20 In the corner of his Law, first mouthes you,

Then swallows you: so when hee hath need

Of you, t'is but squeeving of you,

And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

Ros. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.

III. ii. 390 *Ham* Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

370 *Ham.* I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your
mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.
Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance
of hermony. I haue not the skill.

380 *Ham* Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

III. ii.

370 *Ham.* I doe befeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourfe moft eloquent mufique, looke you, these are the ftops.

Guil. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

380 *Ham.* Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my ftops, you would plucke out the hart of my miftery, you would found mee from my loweft note to my compaffe and there is much mufique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it fpeak, s'hloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.

390 God bleffe you fir.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would [269^b
seeme to know my ftops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Myfterie; you would found mee from my loweft
Note, to the top of my Compaffe: and there is much Mu-
ficke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will.
390 though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
bleffe you Sir.

III. ii.

*Enter Corambis**Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you.*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?*Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed.*Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weafel.*Cor.* T'is back't like a weafell.*Ham.* Or like a whale.*Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*400 *Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
Good night Horatio.*Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.**Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
This soft bofome.

Let me be cruell, not vnnatural,

I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent, [43]

To doe her wrong my foule shall ne're consent. *exit.**The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Enter Polonius.**Polon.* My Lord; the Queene would speake with you,
and presently.*Ham.* Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell.*Polon.* By'th'Miffe, and it's like a Camell indeed.*Ham.* Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.*Polon.* It is back'd like a Weazell.*Ham.* Or like a Whale?*Polon.* Verie like a Whale.400 *Ham.* Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

111. ii.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

400 *Pol.* Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Then I will come to my mother by and by, [57
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

I will. say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day

410 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The foule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be fhent,
To giue them seales neuer my foule consent. *Exit.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Polon. I will say so. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
410 Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be fhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
 To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
 I your Commiffion will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you:
 The termes of our estate, may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
 Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues prouide:
 Most holie and Religious feare it is
 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 10 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single
 And peculiar life is bound

III.iii.

Enter King, Rosencraus. and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commiffion will forth-with difpatch,
And he to *England* fhall along with you,
The termes of our eftate may not endure
Hazerd fo neer's as doth hourelly grow
Out of his brôwes.

Guyl. We will our felues prouide.
Moft holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thofe many many bodies safe
10 That liue and feede vpon your Maieftie.

Rof. The fingle and peculier life is bound
With all the ftrength and armour of the mind
To keepe it felfe from noyance, but much more
That fpirit, vpon whose weale depends and refts
The liues of many, the ceffe of Maieftie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a mafsie wheele
Fixt on the fomnet of the higheft mount,
20 To whose hough fpokes, tenne thoufand leffer things
Are morteift and adioynd, which when it falls,
Each fmall annexment petty confequence
Attends the boyftrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

[58

King. Arme you I pray you to this fpeedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

With all the ftrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it felfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose fpirit depends and refts
The liues of many, the ceafe of Maieftie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a mafsie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheft Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand leffer things
20 Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each fmall annexment, pettie confequence
Attends the boyftrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King figne, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this fpeedie Voyage:
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would wafh the crime cleere from my confcience!

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Which now goes too free-footed.

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Both. We will hafte vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant fhee'l tax him home,
30 And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, fhould o're-heare
The fpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

III. iii.

Which now goes too free-footed.

Rof. We will haft vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my felfe.
To heare the proceffe, I'le warrant fhee'letax him home.

30 And as you fayd, and wifely was it fayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parcial, fould ore-heare
The fpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

O my offence is ranck, it fmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as fharp as will,
40 My ftronger guilt defeats my ftrong entent,
And like a man to double bufines bound,
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the fweete Heauens
To wafh it white as fnowe, whereto ferues mercy
But to confront the vifage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Oh my offence is ranke, it fmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as fharpe as will:
40 My ftronger guilt, defeats my ftrong intent,
And like a man to double bufinelfe bound,
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect; what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heauens
To wafh it white as Snow? Whereto ferues mercy,
But to confront the vifage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ftalled ere we come to fall,

III. iii.

50 When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
 The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
 Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
 And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
 O these are finnes that are vnpardonable:
 Why say thy finnes were blacker then is ieat,
 Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
 I but still to perfeuer in a finne,
 It is an act gainst the vniuerfall power,

70 Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
 Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. enters Hamlet

Ham. I fo, come forth and worke thy last,
 And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

50 Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
 My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
 Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
 That cannot be, since I am still posselt
 Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
 My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
 May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currants of this world.
 Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 60 Buies out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd

III. iii.

- 50 Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still possesse
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
May one be pardond and retaine th'offence? [59
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
60 Buies out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged; helpe Angels make assay,
70 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
70 Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,

III. iii.

80 No, not so: he tooke my father fleeping, his fins brim full,

And how his foule stocde to the state of heauen

Who knowes, faue the immortall powres,

And shall I kill him now,

When he is purging of his foule?

Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,

And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,

(drunke,

When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowfe, drinking

90 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,

Or at some act that hath no relifh

Of saluation in't, then trip him

That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother staves,

This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

King My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.

No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.* [44

III. iv.

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,

I'le throwde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

A Villaine kills my Father, and for that

I his foule Sonne. do this same Villaine fend

To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery. not Reuenge.

80 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,

With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,

And how his Audit stands, who knowes, faue Heauen:

But in our circumstance and course of thought

'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,

To take him in the purging of his Soule,

When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,

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90 Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,

III. iii.

A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole fonne, doe this same villaine fend
To heauen.

Why, this is bafe and filly, not reuendge,

80 A tooke my father grofly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flufh as May,
And how his audit ftands who knowes faue heauen,
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and feafond for his paffage?
No.

Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a fleepe, or in his rage,

90 Or in th'inceftious pleasure of his bed,
At game a fwearing, or about fome act
That has no relifh of faluation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his foule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ftaiies,
This phifick but prolongs thy fickly daies. *Exit.*

[60

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

III. iv.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come ftrait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath fcreend and ftood betweene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

At gaming, fwearing, or about fome acte
That ha's no rellifh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ftayes,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy fickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

III. iv.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath fceec'nd, and ftoode betweene

Queene Do fo my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?

How i'ft with you mother?

Queene How i'ft with you?

Ham, I'le tell you, but firft weele make all fafe.

Queene Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

10 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, fit downe, for you
fhall heare me fpeake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
Helpe hoe.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Much heate, and him. Ile filence me e'ene heere:

Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet,* thou haft thy Father much offended.

10 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you anfwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queftion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

III. iv.

Much heate and him, Ile filence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended.

10 *Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you anfwere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so, → *the altar - holy place*
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile fet those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge.
You goe not till I fet you vp a glaffe

20 Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so:

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:

You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe,

20 Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Duckate, dead.

III. iv.

Rafh intruding foole, farewell,

I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what haft thou done?

Ham. Not fo much harme, good mother,

As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

30 *Queene* How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,

If you be made of penetrable ftuffe,

I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,

And fee how horride there and blacke it fhews.

(words?)

Queene Hamlet, what mean'ft thou by these killing

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Pol. Oh I am flaine.

Killes Polonius.

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rafh, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoft as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

30 *Qu.* As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rafh, intruding foole farewell,

I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'ft to be too bufie, is fome danger.

Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for fo I fhall

III. iv.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this. [61

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

30 *Ger.* As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'lt to be too bufie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not brafd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wagge thy tongue
40 In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blufh of modesty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very foule, and sweet religion makes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,
40 In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurres the grace and blufh of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue.
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very foule, and sweete Religion makes

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Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
 It is the portraiture, of your deceafed husband,
 See here a face, to outface *Mars* himfelfe,
 An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
 A front wherin all vertues are fet downe
 For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
 Whofe heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
 He made to you in marriage, and he is dead. [45
 Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,

Looke you now, here is your husband,
 With a face like *Vulcan*.
 A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
 To affright children and amaze the world:
 And this fame haue you left to change with this.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
 Yea this folidity and compound maffe,
 50 With triftoff vifage as againft the doome,
 Is thought-licke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares fo lowd, & thunders
 in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
 See what a grace was feated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himfelfe,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
 A Station, like the Herald Mercurie

III. iv.

A rapfedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this folidity and compound maffe
50 With heated vifage, as againft the doome
Is thought lick at the act
Quee. Ay me, what act?
Ham. That roares fo low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was feated on this browe,
Hiperions curls, the front of *Ioue* himfelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A ftation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kifsing hill,
60 A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did feeme to fet his feale
To giue the world affurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes. [62
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blafting his wholfome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
70 And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would ftep from this to this, fence fure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but fure that fence
Is appoplext, for madneffe would not erre
Nor fence to extacie was nere fo thral'd
But it referu'd fome quantity of choife

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

New lighted on a heauen-kiffing hill:
60 A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did feeme to fet his Seale,
To giue the world affurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blafting his wholfom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
70 And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement

III. iv.

What Diuell thus hath confoned you at hob-man blinde?
 A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
 That flew my father, and your deere husband,
 To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
 For a king of clowts, of very fthreads.

Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.

Ham. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
 To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
 To make increafe of fhame, to seale damnation.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
 That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde?
 O Shame! where is thy Blufh? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
 And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no fhame,
 When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
 Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,
 As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
 Thou turn'ft mine eyes into my very soule,
 90 And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
 As will not leaue their Tinct.

III. iv.

To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
80 Or but a sickly part of one true fence
Could not so mope: ô shame where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
90 And there I see such blacke and greened spots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweate of an infeemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweate of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine cares.
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When luft shall dwell within a matrons breáft?

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, faue me, you gracious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestially wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge flippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Left that my heart of stoné yeelde to compaffion,
And euery part that should afflist reuenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.

[46]

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
110 Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i'ft with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

100 That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

III. iv.

100 That from a fhelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of fhreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy fonne to chide,
That lap't in time and pafsion lets goe by
110 Th'important acting of your dread command, ô fay.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this vifitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother fits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting foule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That laps't in Time and Paffion, lets go by
110 Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh fay.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Vifitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeft bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

III. iv.

Queene Nay, how i't with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene Not I.

Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?

Queene No neither. (habite

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall,
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

Queene Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieffe:
But as I haue a foule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
120 And as the fleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and caufe conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pitteous action you conuert

III. iv.

Ger. Alas how i't with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold difcourfe,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
120 And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy diftemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Leaft with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe

130 Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away, [64
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileffe creation extacie is very cunning in.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,

130 Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extasie is very cunning in.

III. iv.

But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

140 *Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulfe doth beate like yours,
It is not madneffe that poffeffeth Hamlet.

O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your felfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but affift mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy fhall die.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Extasie?

140 My Pulfe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muficke. It is not madneffe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madneffe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your foule,
That not your trespaffe, but my madneffe fpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcereous place,
Whil't ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnfeene. Confesse your felfe to Heauen,
150 Repent what's pafte, auoyd what is to come,

III. iv.

140 *Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time.
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the rest,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcrous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
150 Repent what's past. auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatnesse of these purfie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and woe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worfer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
160 Assume a vertue if you haue if not,
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And do not spread the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue.
For in the fatnesse of this purfie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it,
And line the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
160 Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,

III. iv.

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiefty,
 That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts, [47
 I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
 What stratagem foe're thou shalt deuise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
 Come fir, I'll provide for you a graue,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.
Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

IV. i.

Enter the King and Lordes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vnpegge the Basket on the houfes top:
 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
 What thou hast saide to me.

200 *Ham.* I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall fet me packing:

III. iv.

Vnpeg the basket on the houfes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou haft fayd to me.

200 *Ham.* I muft to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis fo concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters feald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will truft as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they muft fwep my way
And marfhall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoift with his owne petar, an't fhall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis moft fweete

210 When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man fhall fet me packing,
He lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counfayler
Is now moft ftill, moft fecret, and moft graue,
Who was in life a moft foolifh prating knaue.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

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IV. i.

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
and Guyldensterne.*

King. There's matter in thefe fighes, thefe profound heaues,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

He lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counfellow
Is now moft ftill, moft fecret, and moft graue,
Who was in life, a foolifh prating Knaue.
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

IV. i.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in thefe fighes.
Thefe profound heaues ,

King Now Gertred, what faves our fonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the fea:
 Whenas he came, I firft befpoke him faire,
 But then he throwes and toffes me about,
 As one forgetting that I was his mother:
 At laft I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
 10 Call'd, which Hamlat no fooner heard, but whips me
 Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
 The good olde man he killes.

King. Why this his madneffe will vndoe our ftate.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

You muft tranflate; Tis fit we vnderftand them.

Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
 Which is the Mightier, in his lawleffe fit
 Behinde the Arras, hearing fomething ftirre,
 10 He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
 And in his brainifh apprehenfion killes
 The vnfeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
 It had bin fo with vs had we beene there:

IV. i.

You muft tranflate, tis fit we vnderftand them,
Where is your fonne?

Ger. Beftow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I feene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the fea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawleffe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing fome thing ftirre,

10 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainifh apprehenfion kills
The vnfeene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!

It had beene fo with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your felfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how fhall this bloody deede be anfwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept fhort, reftraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but fo much was our loue,

20 We would not vnderftand what was moft fit,
But like the owner of a foule difeafe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like fome ore

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your felfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how fhall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept fhort, refrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But fo much was our loue,

20 We would not vnderftand what was moft fit,
But like the Owner of a foule difeafe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneffe like fome Oare

Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than this natiue home:
See where he comes.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Among a Minerall of Mettels bafe
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:

The Sun no fooner shall the Mountaines touch,
30 But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenstern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* flaine,

IV. i.

Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shows it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

The funne no fooner shall the mountaines touch, [67

30 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,

Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* flaine,

And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,

Goe seeke him out speake fayre, and bring the body

Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,

Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,

And let them know both what we meane to doe

40 And whats vntimely doone,

Whose whisper ore the worlds dyiameter,

As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,

Tranports his poysned shot. may misse our Name,

And hit the woundlesse ayre. ô come away,

My foule is full of discord and difmay.

Exeunt.

IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus and others.

Ham. Safely ftowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And from his Mother Cloffets hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do, [272b

40 And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,

My foule is full of discord and difmay.

Exeunt.

IV. ii.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ftowed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noife? Who cals on *Hamlet*?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duft, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeue it.

10 *Rosin.* Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counfell, and not mine owne. Befides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication fhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King beft feruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in

IV. ii.

Rof. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with duft whereto tis kin.

Rof. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeeue it.

10 *Rof.* Beleeeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what repletion should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, that fokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
20 keepe them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue glean'd, it is but quee-
zing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Rof. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepe in a foolish eare.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

30 *Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the [68
body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

IV. iii.

Enter King, or two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

20 the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
when hee needs what you haue glean'd, it is but quee-
zing you, and Spunge you shall be dry againe.

Rofin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepe in a
foolish eare.

Rofin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

30 *Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing ——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after. *Exeunt*

IV. iii.

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:

IV. ii.

IV. iii.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now fonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

20 *Ham.* At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes [48
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one meffe:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

How dangerous is it that this man goes loofe:
Yet muft not we put the ftrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diftracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis fo, th'Offenders fcouge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all fsmooth, and euen,
This fodaine fending him away, muft feeme
Deliberate paufe, difeafes desperate growne,
10 By desperate appliance are releued,
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*
How now? What hath befallne?
Rosin. Where the dead body is beftow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?

IV.iii.

How dangerons is it that this man goes loofe,
Yet muft not we put the ftrong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the diftracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but they eyes,
And where tis fo, th'offenders fcouge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all fsmooth and euen,
This fuddaine fending him away muft feeme
Deliberate paufe, difeafes desperat growne,

10 By desperat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Rof. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Rof. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure

King. Bring him before vs.

Rof. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At fupper.

King. At fupper, where.

20 *Ham.* Not where he eates. but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our felues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two difhes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Rofin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rofin. Hoa, *Guildenfterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenfterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

20 *Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elfe to fat vs, and we fat our felfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to difhes, but to one Table that's the end.

IV. iii.

Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,

30 Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

40 *King* Make haste and finde him out.

Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.

King Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preferuation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
Lord *Roffencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go [273a
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-
ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

40 *King.* Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerey greeue

IV. iii.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, &
30 eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. King. VVhat dooft thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse
through the guts of a begger. [69

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him
not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find
him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the
stayres into the Lobby.

40 *King.* Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'lt our purposes.

50 *Ham.* I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for *England*,
Farewell deere Mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'lt our purposes.

50 *Ham.* I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

IV.iii.

King Your louing father, *Hamlet*.*Ham* My mother I fay: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flefh,
And fo (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.*exeunt all but the king.**king* Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,
He prefently without demaunding why,

[49

That *Hamlet* loofe his head, for he muft die,
There's more in him than fhallow eyes can fee:70 He once being dead, why then our ftate is free. *exit.*

IV.iv.

*Enter Fortenbraffe, Drumme and Souldiers.**Fort.* Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that *Fortenbraffe* nephew to old *Norway*,
Craues a free paffe and conduct ouer his land,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.*Hamlet.* My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flefh, and fo my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit**King.* Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with fpeed aboard:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euey thing is Seal'd and done
That elfe leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haft.
60 And England, if my loue thou holdft at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee fenfe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danifh Sword, and thy free awe

IV. iii.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, fo my mother:
Come for *England*. *Exit*.

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede aboard,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is feald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haft,
60 And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ft at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danifh fword and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayft not coldly fet
Our foueraigne proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The prefent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*.
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou muft cure me; till I know tis done,
70 How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit*. [70

IV. iv.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Payes homage to vs; thou maift not coldly fet
Our Soueraigne Proceffe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The prefent death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muft cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
70 How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

IV. iv.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danifh King,
Tell him that by his licenfe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:

IV. iv.

According to the Articles agreed on:

You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

If that his Maiefty would ought with vs,
We fhall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know fo.

IV. iv.

If that his Maieftie would ought with vs,
We fhall exprefse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know fo.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe foftly on.

Enter Hamlet. Rofencraus, &c.

Ham. Good fir whofe powers are thefe?

10 *Cap.* They are of *Norway* fir.

Ham. How purpofd fir I pray you?

Cap. Againft fome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them fir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbraffe*.

Ham. Goes it againft the maine of *Poland* fir,
Or for fome frontire?

Cap. Truly to fpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name

20 To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;

Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

A rancker rate, fhould it be fold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thoufand foules, & twenty thoufand duckets

VWill not debate the queftion of this ftraw

This is th'Impoftume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes, and fhoves no caufe without

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you fir.

30 *Cap.* God buy you fir.

Rof. Wil't pleafe you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you ftraight, goe a little before.

How all occafions doe informe againft me,

And fpur my dull reuenge. What is a man

[71

If his chiefe good and market of his time

Be but to fleepe and feede, a beaft, no more:

Sure he that made vs with fuch large difcourfe

Looking before and after, gaue vs not

That capabilitie and god-like reafon

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go fafely on.

Exit.

IV. iv.

IV. v.

enter King and Queene.

King *Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,
 I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
 If euery thing fall out to our content,
 As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
 But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
 Hath pierfed so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
 That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
 We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*,
 And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
 And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
 Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

IV. iv.

To fult in vs vnvd, now whether it be
40 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precifely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wifedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Princee,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puff,
50 Makes mouthes at the invifible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnfore,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare.
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staind,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
60 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the flaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe finging.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

IV. v.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diftract, her moode
will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; faies she heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuioufly at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sence: Her speech is nothing.
Yet the vnfhaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
10 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gesticures yeeld them.

IV. v.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her,

Gent. Shee is importunat,

Indeede diftract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee. What would she haue?

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Gent. She speakes much of her father, fayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
10 And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing fure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may ftrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ficke foule, as finnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artleffe ieaalousie is guilt,
20 'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautilous Maieftie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*? *shee sings.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, [273^b
Though nothing fure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may ftrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
'To my ficke foule (as finnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artleffe ieaalousie is guilt,
20 It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia diftracted,

Ophe, Where is the beauteous Maiefty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

IV. v.

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
 From another man?
 By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
 And his sandall shoone.

[50

White his fthrowde as mountaine fnowe,

Larded with sweete flowers,
 That bewept to the graue did not goe
 With true louers flowers:
 30 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse greene turffe,
 At his heeles a stone.
 40 *king* How i'ft with you sweete *Ofelia*?
Ofelia. Well God yeeld you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?
 By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

30 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

IV. v.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,

By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
30 He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grafgreene turph, at his heeles a ftone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his frowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue flowers.

40 *King.* How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they fay the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father. [73

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you
what it meanes, fay you this.
To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ophe. *Larded with sweet flowers:*

*Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue showres.*

40 *King.* How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They fay the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, fay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:

- 190 And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his foule.
- 200 And of all christen foules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

- 50 *And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine,
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.*
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
60 *Alacke, and fie for shame:*
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,

IV. v.

50 And I a mayde at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rofe, and dond his clofe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,
60 alack and fie for fhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth fhe, Before you tumbled me, you promif'd me to wed,
(He anfwers.) So would I a done by yonder funne
And thou hadft not come to my bed.

King. How long hath fhe beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muft be patient, but I cannot chufe
70 but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother
fhall know of it, and fo I thanke you for your good counfaile. Come
my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

*You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadft not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath fhe bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muft bee patient,
70 but I cannot choofe but weepe, to thinke they fhould
lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother fhall knowe of it,
and fo I thanke you for your good counfell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight fweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

IV. v.

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
 O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
 Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
 To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
 How now, what noyse is that?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Follow her clofe,
 Giue her good watch I pray you:
 Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
 All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
 When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
 But in Battaliaes. Firft, her Father flaine,
 80 Next your Sonne gone, and he moft violent Author
 Of his owne iult remoue: the people muddied,
 Thicke and vnwholfome in their thoughts, and whifpers
 For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
 In hugging mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
 Diuided from her felfe, and her faire Iudgement
 Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
 Laft, and as much containing as all thefe,

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IV. v.

King. Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyfon of deepe griefe, it fprings all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard*.
When forrowes come, they come not fingle fpyes,
But in battalians: firft her Father flaine,
80 Next, your fonne gone, and he moft violent Author
Of his owne_iuft remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholfome in thoughts, and whifpers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In higger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Denided from herfelfe, and her faire iudgement,
VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beafts,
Laft, and as much contayning as all thefe,
Her brother is in fecret come from Fraunce,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himfelfe in clowdes,
90 And wants not buzzers to infect his care [74
With peftilent fpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceffity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ftick our perfon to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me fuperfluous death. *A noife within.*

Enter a Mefenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Her Brother is in fecret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himfelfe in clouds,
90 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peftilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceffitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing fticke our perfons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me fuperfluous death. *A Noife within*

Enter a Mefenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyfe is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

A noyfe within. enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou vilde king, giue me my father:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Meſ. Saue your ſelfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Liſt)
100 Eates not the Flats with more impittious haſte
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuſtome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry chooſe we? *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the falſe Traile they cry,
110 Oh this is Counter you falſe Daniſh Dogges.

Noiſe within. Enter Laertes.

IV. v.

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
100 Eates not the flats with more impitious haft
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choofe we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
110 O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaff vnfirmirched browe
120 Of my true mother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclames me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chafte vnfirmirched brow
120 Of my true Mother.

Speake, fay, where's my father?

king Dead.

130 *Lear*. Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.

Queene True, but not by him.

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.

[51

king Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,
There's fuch diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we most fory for it
Being the chiefeft piller of our ftate:

Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-ftake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. What is the caufe *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes fo Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our perfon:
There's fuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treafon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenft? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

130 *Laer*. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackeft diuell.

IV. v.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perfon,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenft, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

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Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But no by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

130 *Laer.* How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

140 *King.* Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,
That soopstake, you will draw bothfriend and foe
Winner and loofer.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

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140 If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loofer.

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:

150 And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sifter!
I't possible a yong maides life,
160 Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia*?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
150 And am most sensible in greefe for it,
I shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noife within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noife is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares senen times falt,

IV. v.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,

150 And am most sencibly in grieffe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye. *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.

How now, what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares feauen times falt

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Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,

By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight

Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,

Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet *Ophelia*,

O heauens, is't possible a young maids wits

160 Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Ophe. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere,

Song.

And in his graue rain'd many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge

It could not moue thus.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,

Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,

Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, sweet *Ophelia*:

Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,

160 Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of it selfe

After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
 Here, here is rew for you,
 You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
 Heere's some for me too: you muft weare your rew
 With a difference, there's a dazie.
 Here Loue, there's rofemary for you
 For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:
 And there's pansey for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
 O God, O God!

180 *Ofelia* There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
 Some violets, but they all withered, when
 My father died: alas, they fay the owle was
 A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
 But can not tell what we fhall be.
 For bonny fweete Robin is all my ioy.

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Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worfe than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
 I pray now, you fhall fing a downe,
 And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
 And the falfe fteward, and if any body
 Aske you of any thing, fay you this.
 To morrow is faint Valentines day,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

170 *Ophe.* You muft fing downe a-downe, and you call
 him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
 the falfe Steward that ftole his mafters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
 Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
 Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneffe, thoughts & remem-
 brance fitted.

180 *Ophe.* There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
 Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
 Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you muft weare your Rew

IV. v.

170 *Oph.* You muft fing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falfe Steward that ftole his Maifters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Roſemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

180 *Ophe.* There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you, & heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaics, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dafie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they ſay a made a good end.

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

190 *Oph.* And wil a not come againe, *Song.*
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

with a difference. There's a Dayſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettineſſe.

190 *Ophe.* *And will he not come againe,*
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:

IV. v.

All in the morning betime,
 And a maide at your window,
 To be your Valentine:
 The yong man rofe, and dan'd his clothes,
 And dupt the chamber doore,
 Let in the maide, that out a maide
 Neuer departed more.
 Nay I pray marke now,
 By giffe, and by faint Charitie,
 Away, and fie for fhame:
 Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
 By cocke they are too blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promised me to wed.
 So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
 If thou hadft not come to my bed.
 So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
 God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
 My fifter thus diftracted:
 Curfed be his foule that wrought this wicked act.

210 *king* Content you good Leartes for a time,
 Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
 Brimme full of forrow, but forbear a while,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

*He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
 Gramercy on his Soule.*

200 And of all Chrifftian Soules, I pray God.
 God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I muft common with your greefe,
 Or you deny me rights: go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wifeft Friends you will,

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IV. v.

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
200 God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

King Laertes, I must commune with your grieffe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wifest friends you will, [77
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
210 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

IV. v.

And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapleffe sonne.

Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
To bury grieffe within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.

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king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

IV. vi.

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtile treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,

IV. v.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

IV. vi.

Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Roffencraft*?

Hor. He being fet ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
So all was done without discouerie.

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Queene Thankes be to heauen for bleffing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowfand mothers bleffings to my fonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

IV. vi.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylor's fir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world

I fhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleffe you Sir.

Hor. Let him bleffe thee too.

Say. Hee fhall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
10 for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaffadours that was

IV. v.

Enter Horatio and others.

IV. vi.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men fir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleffe you fir.

Hora. Let him bleffe thee to.

Say. A shall fir and please him, there's a Letter for you fir, it came
10 frō th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chafe, finding our selues too flow of faile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
20 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prifoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Sre we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too
flow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so
20 I alone became their Prifoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them
 30 *I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine,
 Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
 And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
 To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

IV. vii.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muft your confcience my acquittance feal.

IV. vi.

doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellows [78 will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr
30 course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

IV. vii.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father flaine
Purfued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wifdome, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
10 Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee thar strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father flaine,
Purfued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wifedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

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King. O for two speciall Reasons,
10 Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnfinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,

Enter King and Leartes.

IV. vii.

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

She's so coniunctiue to my life and foule;
 That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
 Why to a publike count I might not go,
 Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
 Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
 20 Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
 Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrows
 Too flightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
 Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
 And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
 A Sifter driuen into desperate tearmes,
 Who was (if praifes may go backe againe)

IV. vii.

She is fo concliue to my life and foule,
That as the ftarre mooues not but in his fphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
20 Worke like the fpring that turneth wood to ftone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, fo that my arrowes
Too flightly tymberd for fo loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And fo haue I a noble father loft,
A fifter driuen into desprat termes,
Whofe worth, if prayfes may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age [79
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

30 *King.* Breake not your fleepes for that, you muft not thinke
That we are made of ftuffe fo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be fhooke with danger,
And thinke it pafstime, you fhortly fhall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our felfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Meffenger with Letters.

Meffen, Thefe to your Maieftie, this to the Queene:

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

30 *King.* Breake not your fleepes for that,
You muft not thinke
That we are made of ftuffe, fo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be fhooke with danger,
And thinke it pafstime. You fhortly fhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine. —

Enter a Meffenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mef. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your
Maiefty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

50 What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my foule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I fhall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

60 *king* Leartes, content your felfe, be rulde by me,
And you fhall haue no let for your reuenge.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Mef. Saylor my Lord they fay, I faw them not:
40 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. *Laertes* you fhall heare them:

Leaue vs.

Exit *Messenger*

High and Mighty, you fhall know I am fet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow fhall I begge leaue to fee your Kingly Eyes. When I fhall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occafions of my fodaine, and more strange returne.

Hamlet.

50 What fhould this meane? Are all the reft come backe?
Or is it fome abufe? Or no fuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

IV. vii.

Meff. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
40 They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine
returne.

50 *King.* What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
60 Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
60 How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'rule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,

King Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
 I haue heard him often with a greedy wifh,
 Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
 Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
 He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vnder the which he fhall not choofe but fall;
 And for his death no winde of blame fhall breath,
 But euen his Mother fhall vncharge the practice,
 And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
 Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
 I'ue feene my felfe, and feru'd againft the French,
 And they ran well on Horfebacke; but this Gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,

IV.vii.

Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, [80
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practife,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
70 The rather if you could deuife it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieft fiedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no leffe becomes
80 The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then fetled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*.
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'lt, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
90 That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waft?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
90 That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound*.

Lea. And how for this?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
100 That he cryed out, t'would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wifh and begge,

IV. vii.

King. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confefsion of you,
And gaue you fuch a mafterly report
For art and exercife in your defence,
And for your Rapier moft efpeciall,
100 That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation |81
He fwore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
If you oppofd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* fo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wifh and beg
Your fodaine comming ore to play with you
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,
110 A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I fee in paffages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the fparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or fnufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ftill,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Your fodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a forrow,
110 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I fee in paffages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the fparke and fire of it:

King Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,
 Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
 The which will draw him with a more desire,
 To try the maistry, that in twelue venies
 You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
 When you are hot in midst of all your play,
 Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
 Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
 That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
 In any part of him, he cannot liue:
 This being done will free you from suspition,
 And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
 Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well:
 But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
 To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
 More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
 Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 130 Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
 Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your heads, he being remiffe,

IV. vii.

120 We should doe when we would: for this would change,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murthre sanctuarife,
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
130 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence;
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiffe,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnabated, and in a pace of practise
140 Requite him for your Father.

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Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnabated, and in a paffe of practice,
140 Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare.
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death.

King I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
 Such a report of singlaritie,
 Will bring him on, although againft his will.
 And left that all fhould miffe,
 160 I'le haue a potion that fhall ready stand,
 In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
 Shall be his period and our happineffe.

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Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
 Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*

king How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?

Queene O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
 Hauing made a garland of fundry fortes of floures,

Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
 With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly,
 It may be death.

King Let's further thinke of this,
 150 Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
 May fit vs to our fhape, if this fhould faile;
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Proiect
 Should haue a backe or fecond, that might hold,
 If this fhould blaft in prooffe: Soft, let me fee
 Wee'l make a folemne wager on your commings,
 I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 As make your bowts more violent to the end,
 160 And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him

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IV. vii.

That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

150 Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not affayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
160 And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That showes his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
170 Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weedes

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glasse streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
170 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daylies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds

IV. vii.

The enuious fprig broke, into the brooke fhe fell,
 And for a while her clothes fspread wide abroade,
 Bore the yong Lady vp: and there fhe fate fmiling,
 Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,
 Chaunting olde fundry tunes vncapable
 As it were of her diftreffe, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
 Dragg'd the fweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, fhe is drownde:
 Too much of water haft thou *Ofelia*,
 Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
 Reuenge it is muft yeeld this heart releefe,
 For woe begets woe, and grieffe hangs on grieffe. *exunt.*

V. i.

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I fay no, fhe ought not to be buried
 In chriftian buriall.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Clambring to hang; an enuious fliuer broke,
 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe,
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes fpred wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
 Which time fhe chaunted fnatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her owne diftreffe,
 180 Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
 Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
 To muddy death.

Lær. Alas then, is fhe drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

IV. vii.

Clambring to hang, an enuious fliner broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her felfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fpred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time fhe chaunted fnatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne diftreffe.

180 Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then fhe is drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her cuftome holds,
Let fhamme fay what it will, when thefe are gone,
190 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a fpeech a fire that faine would blafe,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it ftart againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

V. i. *Enter two Clownes.*

Clowne. Is fhee to be buried in Christian buriall, when fhe wilfully
feeke her owne faluation?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. Too much of water haft thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuftome holds,
Let fhamme fay what it will; when thefe are gone
190 The woman will be out: Aduie my Lord,
I haue a fpeech of fire, that faine would blafe,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it ftart againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

V. i. *Enter two Clownes.*

Clown. Is fhe to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully feeke her owne faluation?

V. i.

2. Why fir?

Clowne Mary becaufe fhee's drown'd.

2. But fhe did not drowne her felfe.

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was againft her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you fir, I ftand here,
 If the water come to me, I drowne not my felfe:
 20 But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
 Y'are gone, goe y'are gone fir.

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2. I but fee, fhe hath chriitian buriall,
 Becaufe fhe is a great woman.

30 *Clowne* Mary more's the pittie, that great folke
 Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
 Themfelues, more than other people:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Other. I tell thee fhe is, and therefore make her Graue
 ftraight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
 ftian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnleffe fhe drowned her felfe in
 her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found fo.

10 *Clo.* It muft be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee elfe: for
 heere lies the point; If I drowne my felfe wittingly, it ar-
 gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
 Act to doe and to performe; argall fhe drown'd her felfe
 wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good:
 heere ftands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
 ter and drowne himfelfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;

V. i.

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

10 *Clowne.* It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; the drownd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will | 84
20 he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'ft. Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

30 *Clowne.* Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profefsion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

20 marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not [277^a
beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

30 *Clo.* Why there thou say'ft. And the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themfelues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade: there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp Adams Profefsion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
Goeft, tell me one thing. who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.

Clowne That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
does it well? the gallowes does well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Laft till Doomef-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

40 *Clo.* What; ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd:
could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another que-
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe ——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that buildes stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

50 *Other.* The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a
thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is

V. i.

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

50 *Other.* The gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou dooft ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

60 *Other.* Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maffe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull affe wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houfes hee makes lasts till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a foope of liquor.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason. a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

60 *Other.* Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houfes that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel.*
For such a ghest most meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the flauie joles their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-
(thing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
70 *me thought it was very sweete:*
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-
sinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
80 *hath caught me in his clutch:*

V. i.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*

70 Me thought it was very fweet

To contract ô the time for a my behoue.

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio. [85

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his bufines? a fings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of eafines.

Ham. Tis een fo, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his ftealing fteppes *Song.*

80 hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been fuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could fing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if were Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this affe now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. I might my Lord.

90 *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could fay good morrow fweet lord, how dooft thou fweet lord? This might be my Lord fuch a one, that praied my lord fuch a ones horfe when a went to beg it, might it not?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

*And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene fuch.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Affe o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

90 *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could fay, Good Morrow fweet Lord: how dooft thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord fuch a one, that prais'd my Lord fuch a ones Horfe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is for to be made,
For such a ghost most meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another *Horatio*.
Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
110 Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your
Quirkes and quilletts now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
120 And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce
Holde the conueiance of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
I prethee tell me *Horatio*,

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Is parchuent made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.

Ham. Ifaith they prooue themfelues sheepe and calues
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. I, my Lord.

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Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes,
Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to
100 see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.

for and a shrowding-Sheete:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the
Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
Quilletts? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
110 doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about

V. i.

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and
100 we had the tricke to see't, did these bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a fthrowding sheet
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a gueft is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his
110 tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchafes & doubles then the length
120 and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himfelfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to [86

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out affurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchafes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
120 Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himfelfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out affurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

V. i.

There's another, why may not that be such a ones
 Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
 When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee
 Lets question yonder fellow.

Now my friend, whose graue is this?

Clowne Mine fir.

Ham. But who muft lie in it? (fir.)

Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

Ham. What man muft be buried here?

Clowne No man fir.

Ham. What woman?

Clowne. No woman neither fir, but indeede
 One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
 150 This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pefant,
 Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
 That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
 How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Clo. Mine Sir:

130 *O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
 for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
 for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
 lyeft.

140 *Clo.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
 to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyeft in't.

Clow You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dooft lie in't to be in't & fay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

140 *Clow.* Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dooft thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but reft her foule fhee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we muft fpeake by the card, or
150 equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the pefant coms fo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haft thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our laft king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraffe*.

Ham. How long is that fince?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, fhee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee muft fpeake
150 by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, thefe three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne fo picked, that the toe of the Pefant comes fo neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haft thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yere, I came too't that day that our laft King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that fince?

180 *Clowne* I faith fir, if hee be not rotten before
 He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,
 He will laft you, eight yeares, a tanner
 Will laft you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham. And why a tanner?

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Clowne Why his hide is fo tanned with his trade,
 That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
 Deuourer of your dead body, a great foaker.
 190 Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
 Let me see, I euer fince our laft king *Hamlet*
 Slew *Fortenbraffe* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
 Hee that's mad.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

160 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
 It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
 that was mad, and fent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he fent into England?

Clo. Why, becaufe he was mad; hee fhall recouer his
 wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

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170 *Clo.* 'Twill not be feene in him, there the men are as
 mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ftrangely they fay.

Ham. How ftrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loofing his wits.

V. i.

160 *Clow.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was horne: hee that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why becaufe a was mad: a fhall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

170 *Clow.* Twill not be feene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.

Clow. Very ftrangely they fay.

Ham. How ftrangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot? [87

180 *Clow.* Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you fom eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is fo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-
190 fon dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere. man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

180 *Clo.* Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarfes now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will laft you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laft you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why fir, his hide is fo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
190 is a fore Decayer of your horfon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

V. i.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?*Clowne* Ifaith very strangely, by loofing of his wittes.*Ham.* Vpon what ground?*Clowne* A this ground, in *Denmarke*.*Ham.* Where is he now?*Clowne* Why now they sent him to *England*.*Ham.* To *England!* wherefore?*Clowne* Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.*Ham.* Why not there?*Clowne* Why there they say the men are as mad as he.*Ham.* Whose scull was this?*Clowne* This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yoricke* scull.200 *Ham.* Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*
I knew him *Horatio*,A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kiffed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
210 your iests now *Yoricke?* your flashe of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke*. *Horatio*, I prethee
tell me one thing, dooft thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
thus?*The Tragedie of Hamlet* (F₁).*Ham.* Whose was it?*Clo.* A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?*Ham.* Nay, I know not.*Clo.* A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a
Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull
Sir, this same Scull fir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.200 *Ham.* This?*Clo:* E'ene that.*Ham.* Let mee see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-*

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once: this fame skull fir, was fir *Yoricke's* skull, the Kings Iester.

200 *Ham.* This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung those lippes that I haue kist I know not howe
210 oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flasches of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she muft come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

ratio, a fellow of infinite iest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rifes at it Heere hung those lippes, that I haue kist I know not how oft. VVhere be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your
210 Songs? Your flasches of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore) No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she muft come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

220 *Hor.* Euen fo my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?

Hor. I my lord, no otherwife.

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Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of *Alexander*, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?

Imperious *Casar* dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,
with a Priest after the coffin.*

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
If fhews to be some noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

220 *Hor.* E'ene fo.

Ham. And smelt fo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene fo, my Lord.

Ham. To what bafe vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duft of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to confider: to curiously to confider fo.

230 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likelielihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duft; the duft is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto be was conuer-

V. i.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

220 *Hora.* Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what bafe vfes wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duft of *Alexander*, till a find it ftopping a bung-hole?

Hor. Twere to confider too curioufly to confider fo.

230 *Ham.* No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modefty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duft, the duft is earth, of earth vvec make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not ftoppe a Beare-barrell? [88

Imperious *Cæfar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ftoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

240 But foft, but foft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q.*
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes and*
And with fuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *the corfe.*
The corfe they follow, did with defprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of fome eftate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

ted) might they not ftopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæfar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ftop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

240 But foft, but foft, afide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with fuch maimed rites? This doth betoken, [278^b
The Coarfe they follow, did with difperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas fome Eftate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elfe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

V. i.

Lear. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

250 *Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
 And more than well the church can tolerate,
 She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden foule:
 And but for fauour of the king, and you,
 She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
 Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
 shall my sifter be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire *Ophelia* dead!

Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
 I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
 And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Laer.* What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre enlarg'd.
 250 As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
 And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
 She should in ground vnfanctified haue lodg'd,
 Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
 Shards, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
 Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
 Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muft there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
 We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

V. i.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
250 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-fwayes the order,
She should in ground vnfanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
260 To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sifter be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'ft haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe
270 Fall tenne times double on that curfed head,

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The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

260 To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sifter be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'ft haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
270 Fall ten times trebble, on that curfed head

V. i.

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: fiftter farewell:

Leartes leapes into the graue.

Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie,
 And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*
 Whats he that coniures fo? *in after Leartes*

280 *Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy foule.

Ham. O thou praieft not well,

I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
 For there is fomething in me dangerous,
 Which let thy wifedome feare, holde off thy hand: [60]

I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Whofe wicked deed, thy moft Ingenious fence
 Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your duft, vpon the quicke, and dead,
 Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
 To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyifh head
 Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whofe griefes

Beares fuch an Emphafis? whofe phrafe of Sorrow
 Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ftand

280 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy foule.

V. i.

Whose wicked deede thy moft ingenious fence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duft vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyefh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieffe
Beares fuch an emphesis, whose phrafe of forrow
Coniures the wandring ftarres, and makes them ftand
280 Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy foule,

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rafh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me fomething dangerous,
Which let thy wifedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
290 Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my fonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thoufand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Thou prai'ft not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rafh,
Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifenefle feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,
290 Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thoufand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou do for her?

Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
 Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
 Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
 300 Com'ft thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,
 Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
 Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
 Make Oofell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the fea,
 Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
 Therefore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham What is the reason fir that you wrong mee thus?
 I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
 A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come fhow me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy felfe?

Woo't drinke vp *Efile*, eate a Crocodile?

300 Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;

To outface me with leaping in her Graue?

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw

Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground

Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone,

Make *Offa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,

Ile rant as well as thou.

V. i.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe;

Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocadile?

300 Ile doo't, dooft come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,

[90

Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,

And this a while the fit will worke on him,

Anon as patient as the female Doue

310 When that her golden cuplets are disclofed

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*

Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,

Weele put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Kin. This is meere Madnesse:

And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:

Anon as patient as the female Doue,

310 When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,

The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,

Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,

Wee'l put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,

V. i.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day fshall *Hamlet* drinke his laft,
For prefently we meane to fend to him,
Therefore *Leartes* be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my foule will not bee quiet.

King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our fonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

320 This Graue fshall haue a liuing Monument:

An houre of quiet fhortly fhall we fee;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me fee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumftance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me fleepe; me thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rafhly,

V. i.

320 This graue fhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie fhall we fee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

V. ii.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this fir, now fhall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumftance,

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me fleepe, my thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the bilbo, rafhly,
And prayfd be rafhnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion fometime ferues vs well
10 When our deepe plots doe pall, & that fhould learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that fhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is moft certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My fea-gowne fcarft about me in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my defire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

(And praife be rafhneffe for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion fometime ferues vs well,
10 When our deare plots do paule, and that fhould teach vs,
'There's a Diuinity that fhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moft certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My fea-gowne fcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my defire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
 (My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
 Their grand Commiffion, where I found *Horatio*,
 Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
 20 Larded with many feuerall sorts of reason;
 Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
 With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life;
 That on the supernize no leasure bated,
 No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head shoud be struck off.

Hor. Ift possible?

Ham. Here's the Commiffion, read it at more leysure:
 But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

V. ii.

To mine owne roome againe, making fo bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold [91
Their graund commifsion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
20 Larded with many feuerall forts of reafons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe fuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuife no leafure bated,
No not to ftay the grinding of the Axe,
My head fhould be ftrooke off.

Hora. I'ft pofsible?

Ham. Heeres the commifsion, read it at more leafure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
30 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play. I fat me downe,
Deuifd a new commifsion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ftatifts doe,
A bafenefle to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans feruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
40 As loue betweene them like the palme might florifh,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Hor. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
30 Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiffion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statifts doe,
A bafenefle to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans feruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord. [259^b

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
40 As loue betweene them, as the Palme fhould flourifh.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
 And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
 And many such like Affis of great charge,
 That on the view and know of these Contents,
 Without debatement further, more or lesse,
 He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
 Not shruing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
 50 Which was the Modell of that Danifsh Seale:
 Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impreffion, plac't it safely,
 The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day

V. ii.

As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma twene their amities,
And many such like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this feald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinaunt,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
50 Which was the modill of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'impresion, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

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Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rofencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne infinnuation growe,
60 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the paffe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'ft already.

Hor. So *Guildensterne* and *Rofincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this employment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne infinnuation grow:
60 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the paffe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposits.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,

Ham. beleeue mee, it greenes mee much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his grieffe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him .but hee knowes not the Court.

Gent. Now God faue thee, fweete prince *Hamlet*. [61

Ham. And you fit: foh, how the muske cod fmels!

Gen. I come with an embassage from his maiefty to you

Ham. I fhall fir giue you attention:

By my troth me thinkes tis very colde.

100 *Gent.* It is indeede very rawifh colde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with fuch coozenage; is't not perfect confcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
70 In further euill.

Hor. It muft be fhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iffue of the bufineffe there.

Ham. It will be fhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to fay one: but I am very forry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Caufe, I fee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But fure the brauery of his grieffe did put me
80 Into a Towring paffion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

V. ii.

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such eufnage, i't not perfect confcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you fir.

Dooft know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ftate is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaft be Lord of beafts, and his
90 crib fhall ftand at the Kings meffe, tis a chough, but as I fay, fpaci-
ous in the poffeffion of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leafure, I fhould
impart a thing to you from his Maieftie.

Ham. I will receaue it fir withall dilligence of fpirit, your bonnet
to his right vfe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

100 *Cour.* It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter young Ofricke. (marke.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doft know this waterflie?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ftate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaft
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib fhall ftand at the Kings
90 Mefse; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I faw fpacious in the pol-
felfion of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendfhip were at leysure,
I fhould impart a thing to you from his Maiefty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of fpirit; put
your Bonet to his right vfe, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

100 *Ofr.* It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

V. ii.

Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very fwoltery hote:

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

☞ *Ofr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere [280^a
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me fig-
nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head;
Sir, this is the matter.

V. ii.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complection.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultery, as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maieftie bad me fignifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

Ham. I befeech you remember.

110 *Cour.* Nay good my Lord for my eafe in good faith, fir here is newly com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of moft excellent differences, of very foft society, and great fhowing: in-
deede to fpeake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gen- [93
try: for you fhall find in him the continent of what part a Gentle-
man would fee.

Ham. Sir. his definement fuffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dofie th'arithmaticke of
120 memory, and yet but yaw neither in refpect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a foule of great article, & his infufion of fuch dearth and rareneffe, as to make true dixion of him, his femblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbra-
ge, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordfhip fpeakes moft infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy fir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

130 *Cour.* Sir.

Hora. Ift not pofible to vnderftand in another tongue, you will too't fir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purfe is empty already, all's golden words are fpent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

140 *Ham.* I would you did fir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well fir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confefle that, leaft I fhould compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himfelfe.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. I befeech you remember.

110 *Ofr.* Nay, in good faith, for mine eafe in good faith:
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at
his weapon.

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side.
 Six Barbary horfe, againft fix french rapiers,
 With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
 160 In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Ham. The cariages fir, I do not know what you meane.

Gent: The girdles, and hangers fir, and fuch like.

Ham. The worde had beene more cofin german to the
 phrafe, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
 And howe's the wager? I vnderftand you now.

Gent. Mary fir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
 At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
 And on your side the King hath laide,
 And defires you to be in readineffe.

180 *Ham.* Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
 I dare venture my skull: when muft this be?

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor-
 fes, againft the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French
 Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle,
 Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages infaith are very
 160 deare to fancy, very responfiue to the hilts, moft delicate
 carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more Germaine to the
 matter: If we could carry Cannon by our fides; I would
 it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Hor-

V. ii.

Cour. I meane fir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on
150 him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King fir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horfes,
againgft the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers
and Poyuards, with their afsignes, as girdle, hanger and fo. Three
of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfiue to
160 the hilt, moft delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muft be edified by the margent ere you had
done. | 94

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrafe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee
could carry a cannon by our fides. I would it be hangers till then.
but on, six Barbry horfes againt six French fwords their afsignes.
170 and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet a-
gainft the Danifh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paffes betweene
your felfe and him, hee fhall not excede you three hits, hee hath
layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if
your Lordfhippe would vouchsafe the anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppofition of your perfon in triall.

180 *Ham.* Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maieftie, it
is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

les againt fixe French Swords: their Affignes, and three
170 liberall conceited Carriages. that's the French but a-
gainft the Danifh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes be-
twene you and him, hee fhall not exceed you three hits;
He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to
imediate tryall, if your Lordfhip would vouchsafe the
Anfwere.

Ham. How if I anfwere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the oppofition of your perfon
in tryall.

180 *Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please
his Maieftie, 'tis the beathing time of day with me; let
the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the

V. ii.

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king and her maiefty,
With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court.
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tel his maieftie. I wil attend him.

Gent. I fhall deliuer your most sweet answ^r. *exit.*

Ham. You may fir, none better for y^rare spiced.
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.

Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if
not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na-
ture will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

190 *Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it
himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his
head.

V. ii.

Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can. if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect fir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

190 *Ham.* Yours doo's well to commend it himselte, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did fir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the droffy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a
200 kind of hifty colection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieftie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe. [95

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment
Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

220 *Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. He did Complier with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of
200 yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hora. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

220 *Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,

Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the fodaine
Very fore all here about.

Hor. My lord forbear the challenge then.

230 *Ham.* No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predefinite prouidence.
in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King. [62

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now fonne *Hamlet*, we haue laid vpon your head,
And make no queſtion but to haue the beſt.

Ham. Your maieſtie hath laide a the weaker ſide.

King We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. Firſt *Lear*tes, heere's my hand and loue,
Proteſting that I neuer wrongd *Lear*tes.
If *Hamlet* in his madneſſe did amiſſe,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Lear*tes,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue ſhot mine arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I haue beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the
oddes: but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere a-
bout my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kinde of
gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde diſlike any thing, obey. I will fore-
ſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

230 *Ham.* Not a whit, we deſie Augury; there's a ſpeciall
Prouidence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it
be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no
man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-
times? [280^b

V. ii.

in continuall practife, I fhall winne at the ods; thou would'ft not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is fuch a kinde of gamgining, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde diflike any thing, obay it. I will forftal their repaire hether, and fay you are not fit.

230 *Ham.* Not a whit, we defie augury, there is fpeciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, fince no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ift to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushion,
King, Queene, and all the ftate, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon fir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this prefence knowes,
240 And you muft needs haue heard, how I am punnifht
With a fore diftraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madneffe,
Waft *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himfelfe be fane away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This prefence knowes,
240 And you muft needs haue heard how I am punifht
With fore diftraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneffe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himfelfe be tane away:

Lear. Sir I am fatisfied in nature,
 But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
 And will no reconcilment,
 Till by some elder maifters of our time
 260 I may be fatisfied.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

And when he's not himfelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
 Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
 Who does it then? His Madneffe? If't be fo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
 250 His madneffe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
 Sir, in this Audience,
 Let my difclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
 Free me fo farre in your moft generous thoughts,
 That I haue fhott mine Arrow o're the houfe,
 And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am fatisfied in Nature,
 Whofe motiue in this cafe fhould ftirre me moft
 To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
 I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

V. ii.

And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
250 His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house
And hurt my brother.

[96

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
260 I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
260 I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

V. ii.

270 *King* Giue them the foyles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
Haue all a laught, come on fir: *a hit.*

Lear. No none.

Heere they play

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

270 *King.* Giue them the Foyles yong *Ofricke*,
Coufen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Ofricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
280 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

V. ii.

270 *King.* Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cofin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weaker fide.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue feene you both,
But fince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

280 Or quit in anfwere of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Vnice shall he throwe,

Richer then that which foure successeiue Kings

In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets* [97

290 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the Cup an vnion shall he throw

Richer then that, which foure successeiue Kings

In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne.

Giue me the Cups, [281^a

And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,

290 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come on fir. *They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

V. ii.

Ham. Iudgement.*Gent.* A hit, a most palpable hit.*Lear.* Well, come againe.*They play againe.**Ham.* Another. Iudgement.*Lear.* I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.*King* Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee*Queene* Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.*King* Giue him the wine.*Ham.* Set it by, I'le haue another bowt frst,
I'le drinke anone.300 *Queene* Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinks to thee.
*Shee drinks.**King* Do not drinke *Gertred*: O t'is the poyfnd cup!*Ham.* *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningft play.

[63

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).*Ham.* Iudgement.*Ofr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.*Laer.* Well: againe.*King.* Stay, giue me drinke.*Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

*Trumpets found, and shot goes off.**Ham.* Ile play this bout frst, let by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.*King.* Our Sonne fhall win.*Qu.* He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

300 The *Queene* Carowfes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.*Ham.* Good Madam.

V. ii.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, let it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
300 The *Queene* carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfnd cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence
310 I am sure you make a wanton of me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfon'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
310 I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

V. ii.

Lear. I! say you so? haue at you,
He hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my confcience.

Ham. Come on fir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.*

King Looke to the Queene.

320 *Queene* O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

Lords How ift my Lord *Leartes*?

Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolifhly ftaine with my owne weapon:

Hamlet, thou haft not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.

330 Vnbated and inuenomed: thy mother's poyfned,
That drinke was made for thee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both fides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Ofricke*,
I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

V. ii.

Laer. Say you fo, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenft.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both fides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How ift *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne fpringe *Ostrick*,
I am iuftly kild with mine owne treachery. [98

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee founds to fee them bleed.

320 *Quee.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfnd.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medicin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inftrument is in my hand

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She founds to fee them bleede.

320 *Qu.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyfon'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art flaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inftrument is in thy hand,

Ham. The poyfnd Inſtrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

Lear. O he is iuſtly ferued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
340 And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Leartes dies.*

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman.
Then a Dane, here is ſome poiſon left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practife
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
330 Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. [281^b

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treafon, Treafon.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou inceſtuouſ, murdrouſ,
Damm'd Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iuſtly feru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:

V. ii.

Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife
Hath turn'd it felfe on me, loe heere I lie
330 Neuer to rife againe, thy mother's poyfnel,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treafon, treafon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou inceftious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iuftly ferued, it is a poyfon temperd by himfelfe,
340 Exchange forgiuenefle with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell fergeant Death
Is ftrict in his arreft, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
350 Thou liueft, report me and my caufe a right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hora. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet fome liquer left.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

340 Exchange forgiuenefle with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ftrick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
350 Thou liu'ft, report me and my caufes right
To the vnfatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleuee it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet fome Liquor left.

V. ii.

Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
 O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
 What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
 What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
 If not from thee? O my heart finckes *Horatio*.
 Mine eyes haue loft their sight, my tongue his vse:
 Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my foule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England. [64

enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloody fight?

Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
 Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
 Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
 Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
 (Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behinde me.
 If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
 360 To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofi. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come frō Poland
 To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:
 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,

V. ii.

Ham. As th'art a man

Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name [99

Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?

If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*

360 To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,

To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,

I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,

But I doe prophesie th'ellection lights

On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,

So tell him, with th'occurants more and lesse

Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

370 *Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.

Why does the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,

But I do prophesie th'ellection lights

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurants more and lesse,

Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

370 *Hora.* Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

V. ii.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death?

(land,

Ambaff. Our ambaffie that we haue brought from *Eng-*
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
390 And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaft is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The fight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
380 The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rofincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

[282^a

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.

V. ii.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feaft is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou fo many Princes at a fhot
So bloudily haft ftrook?

Embaf. The fight is difmall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
380 The eares are fencelefle that fhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilld,
That *Rofencraus* and *Guyldenfterne* are dead,
Where fhould we haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But fince fo iump vpon this bloody queftion
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*. [100
Are heere arriued, giue order that thefe bodies
High on a ftage be placed to the view,
390 And let me fpeake, to yet vnknowing world
How thefe things came about; fo fhall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, cafuall flaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no caufe
And in this vpfhot, purpofes miftooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the nobleft to the audience,

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

But fince fo iumpe vpon this bloodie queftion,
You from the *Polake* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued. Giue order that thefe bodies
High on a ftage be placed to the view,
390 And let me fpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How thefe things came about. So fhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, cafuall flaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd caufe,
And in this vpfhot, purpofes miftooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Nobleft to the Audience.

V. ii.

400 *Fort.* I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leifure doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chieft Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a fouldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd moft royall.

Take vp the bodie, fuch a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amiffe.

Finis

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

For me, with forrow, I embrace my Fortune,
400 I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are no claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

[282^b]

Hor. Of that I fhall haue alwayes caufe to fpeake,
And from his mouth
Whofe voyce will draw on more:
But let this fame be prefently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Left more mifchance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines

V. ii.

For me, with forrowe I embrace my fortune,
400 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I fhall haue alfo caufe to fpeake,
And from his mouth, whofe voyce will drawe no more,
But let this fame be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaft more mifchance
On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a fouldier to the ftage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued moft royall; and for his paffage,
410 The fouldiers muficke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, fuch a fight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere fhowes much amiffe.
Goe bid the fouldiers fhoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Tragedie of Hamlet (F₁).

Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moft royally:
And for his paffage,
410 The Souldiours Muficke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a fight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere fhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers fhoote.

*Exeunt Marching after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are ſhot off.*

FINIS.

CORRECTIONS AND NOTES.

- p. 21, l. 17, *dele comma after thine.*
p. 21, l. 3 *from bottom, read looke.*
p. 25, l. 20, *read chiefest.*
p. 26, l. 1 *from bottom, read fould.*
p. 32, l. 12, *read Apparition comes: I.*
p. 43, l. 11 *from bottom, put colon after iudgment.*
p. 55, l. 3 *from bottom, read sulphurous.*
p. 56, l. 4, *read my.*
p. 61, l. 7 *from bottom, read dispatcht.*
p. 62, l. 6 *from bottom, for he, read be (b imperfect, very like h).*
p. 73, l. 5 *from bottom, the n in drabbing is turned (but looks like n, only somewhat imperfect, in Halliwell's facsimile).*
p. 79, l. 8, *put full stop after me.*
p. 86, l. 4 *from bottom, for second our, read out (t very like r).*
p. 87, l. 1 *from bottom, read Enterprize.*
p. 88, l. 1, *read of.*
p. 90, l. 1 *from bottom, for ftav, read ftay (y imperfect, very like v).*
p. 91, l. 14 *from bottom, read "moue" (in Halliwell's facsimile, however, the word looks like "mone").*
p. 94, l. 14 *from bottom, read Not.*
p. 100, l. 6 *from bottom, full stop after Lord is correct (comma in Booth's reprint).*
p. 101, l. 12 *from bottom, read Wee'l (looks like Wee'I in Halliwell's facsimile).*
p. 102, l. 5 *from bottom, read whether.*
p. 103, l. 7 *from bottom, read rill (i. e. fter|rill).*
p. 113, l. 23, *read Striking.*
p. 114, l. 11 *from bottom, Prifoner is correct (prifoner in Booth's reprint).*
p. 125, l. 11 *from bottom, put colon after it.*
p. 138, l. 1 *from bottom, put comma after him.*
p. 146, l. 20 *from bottom, e in kercher may be e.*
p. 150, l. 13, *s in was indistinct.*
p. 155, l. 5 *from bottom, read barren (very much like barron in Halliwell's facsimile).*

- p. 157, l. 2, *dele one the.*
- p. 158, l. 9, *put full stop after face.*
- p. 160, l. 13 *from bottom, read feed.*
- p. 165, l. 16 *from bottom, put comma after extremitie.*
- p. 170, l. 9, *read keepe.*
- p. 177, l. 13, *gteat can hardly be read great (although t and r are often very much alike).*
- p. 182, ll. 12 to 16 *should stand two lines lower down.*
- p. 205, l. 21, *for second if, read it.*
- p. 207, l. 12 *from bottom, read "Ham."*
- p. 227, l. 3 *from bottom, put full stop after "distracted".*
- p. 229, l. 9, *fnow may be fnow (but it is often impossible to distinguish between f and f).*
- p. 230, l. 10 *from bottom, put full stop after Valentine.*
- p. 231, l. 11, *read promifd.*
- p. 232, l. 3 *from bottom, put comma after Iudgment.*
- p. 242, l. 2 *from bottom, read right.*
- p. 251, l. 16 *from bottom, put full stop after "Messen".*
- p. 265, l. 8, *read she.*
- p. 269, l. 15, *read 'twere.*
- p. 269, l. 18, *read It.*
- p. 270, l. 8 *from bottom, dele full stop after "Spade" (full stop in Booth's reprint).*
- p. 275, l. 2, *horne may be borne (b imperfect).*
- p. 277, l. 9 *from bottom, put full stop after it.*
- p. 278, l. 1 *from bottom, read he.*
- p. 288, ll. 6 and 7 *from bottom, put commas at end of lines (colon after life in Booth's reprint).*
- p. 312, l. 3 *from bottom, rhis can hardly be read this.*
- p. 316, l. 11 *from bottom, I distinct in Br. Mus. copy C. 39. i. 12 (very like T in Halliwell's facsimile).*
- p. 316, l. 10 *from bottom, ro (for to) is distinct.*



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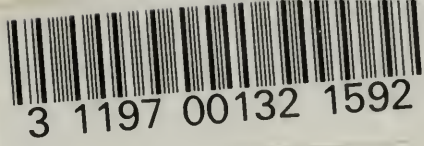


William

First - show how to feel out
life

2nd - Plato's allegory of the cave
resembling Douglas

3rd - To be or not to be.



DATE DUE

FEB 11 1980		FEB 03 1995
		1988

JAN 22 1997

DATE DUE

JAN 07 1988

JAN 13 1988

FEB 03 1998

MAR 23 1999

MAR 23 1999

FEB 18

JAN 30 2001

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